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CONTENTS.

I. WHAT THE REVOLUTION OF 1789 DID, . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	. . .	3
II. THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND WAR, . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	. . .	16
III. IN A CLEFT STICK, . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	. . .	23
IV. ELIZABETH OF VALOIS AND THE TRAGEDY OF DON CARLOS. Conclusion, . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	. . .	31
V. THE LAST OF THE SOUTHEYS, . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	. . .	42
VI. ON THE RIVIERA, . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	. . .	48
VII. ENGLAND'S CLIMATIC PHENOMENA, . . .	<i>National Review,</i>	. . .	57
VIII. DR. NANSEN'S JOURNEY ACROSS GREEN- LAND, . . .	<i>Nature,</i>	. . .	62
IX. VISIT TO THE SULTAN, . . .	<i>Paris Figaro,</i>	. . .	63

POETRY.

TO ONE DEAD,	2	IN VAIN!	. . .	2
A "DISCARDED" SUIT,	2	AN AUTUMN LYRIC,	2

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TO ONE DEAD.

WHEN you were tired and went away,
I said, amid my new heart-ache,
"When I catch breath from pain, some day,
I will teach grief a worthier way,
And make a great song for his sake!"

Yet there is silence. O my friend,
You gave me love such years ago —
A child who could not comprehend
Its worth, yet kept it to the end —
How can I sing when you lie low?

Not always silence. O my dear,
Not when the empty heart and hand
Reach out for you, who are not near.
If you could see, if you could hear,
I think that you would understand.

The grief that can get leave to run
In channels smooth of tender song,
Wins solace mine has never won.
I have left all my work undone,
And only dragged my grief along.

Many who loved you many years
(Not more than I shall always do),
Will breathe their songs in your dead ears;
God help them if they weep such tears
As I — who have no song for you.

You would forgive me, if you knew!
Silence is all I have to bring;
Where tears are many words are few;
I have but tears to bring to you;
For since you died I cannot sing!
Argosy. E. NESBIT.

A "DISCARDED" SUIT.

To my Long Suit you pay no attention at all,
The way that you Deal with me's hard;
I find it is utterly useless to Call,
For you never pay heed to my Card.

I relied on my Queen, all too blindly 'tis true,
But the blunder was not on my part:
I could give you no Diamonds, that you well
knew;
But how could I tell you'd no Heart?

I sacrificed all for the sake of your Hand,
I even abandoned my Club;
But all to no purpose! you don't understand,
And as Hamlet would say, "There's the
Rub."

You want an Establishment? once you averred
You would follow my Lead anywhere;
And for once you spoke truth when you said
you preferred
Whitechapel to Cavendish Square.

Well! I'm wiser in several Points than I was,
Your Shuffling's no longer of use:
I thought I could count on your Honor; alas!
You repaid me by playing the Deuce.

Cornhill Magazine.

IN VAIN!

THE rustling of the wings thou hearest near
Are not great Love's wide pinions fringed
with fire,
Nor that soft air that stirs thy soul with fear
Ought but the tingling breath of vague De-
sire;
The wings of him who stands betwixt us twain
Mock with their wanness Love's bright hues
in vain.

Thou canst not take Love's name in vain, or
lay
Ought but thine undivided burning heart
Upon his shrine, lest even the air should stay
Thy hand, and into warning whispers start;
Mar not this moment's aye-remembered grace
To set a stain of earth upon its face!

Alas, how heavenly fair this spot would be
If we but loved! — this overhanging cave
Life's long-sought haven, while the murmur-
ing sea
Reflects a smile of God in every wave:
Yet we, wrapt in night-shadows still do stay
Hopeless upon the outskirts of the day!
Academy. LILY HAYNES.

AN AUTUMN LYRIC.

BY LEBRECHT DREVES.*

TRANSLATION.

HIGH o'er the forest the storm-clouds are
flying,
The little birds haste to the south and the
sun;
Darling, the red leaves are dropping and
dying, —
Darling, how soon is life over and done!

Hardly the hawthorn-tree blossoms and
blushes,
Hardly has opened the first rose of May,
Scarce o'er the heart love tumultuous rushes,
Ere the rose-petals fall, — and all passes away.

The love and the weeping, the rapture and
sorrow,
Are they but dreams that come never again?
What will be left when the day knows no
morrow?
Darling, we sigh, but we question in vain.

Though the perfumes be shed, and the rose-
leaves be blighted,
The new year must come, and the new roses
blossom;
And lovers will kiss, and their vows shall be
plighted
On the green of our graves, while we slumber
below.

FLORENCE HENNIKER.

Blackwood's Magazine.

* Lebrecht Drevès, born at Hamburg, 1816, died at
Feldkirch, 1870. Author of "Schlichte Lieder," "Le-
bensritter," "Deutsche Nachbildung," etc., etc.

From The Fortnightly Review.

WHAT THE REVOLUTION OF 1789 DID.

"Tout ce que je vois, jette les semences d'une révolution qui arrivera inmanquablement. . . . Les Français arrivent tard à tout, mais enfin ils arrivent. . . . Alors, ce sera un beau tapage. Les jeunes gens sont bien heureux; ils verront de belles choses." — VOLT-AIRE.

THE movement known as the Revolution of 1789 was a transformation — not a convulsion; it was constructive even more than destructive; and if it was in outward manifestation a chaotic *revolution*, in its inner spirit it was an organic *evolution*. It was a movement in no sense local, accidental, temporary, or partial; it was not simply, nor even mainly, a political movement. It was an intellectual and religious, a moral, social, and economic movement, before it was a political movement, and even more than it was a political movement.

If it is French in form, it is European in essence. It belongs to modern history as a whole quite as much as to the eighteenth century in France. Its germs began centuries earlier than the generation of 1789, and its activity will long outlast the generation of 1889. It is not an episode of frenzy in the life of a single nation. In all its deeper elements it is a condensation of the history of mankind, a repertory of all social and political problems, the latest and most complex of all the great crises through which our race has passed.

Let us avoid misunderstanding of what we are now speaking. Most assuredly the close of the eighteenth century in France displayed a convulsion, a frenzy, a chaos, such as the world's history has not often equalled. There was folly, crime, waste, destruction, confusion, and horror of stupendous proportions, and of all imaginable forms. There was the Terror, the Festival of Reason, the reaction, and all the delirium, the orgy, the extravagance, which give brilliancy to small historians and serve as rhetoric to petty politicians. Assuredly the Revolution closed in with most ghastly surprises to the philanthropists and philosophers who entered on it in 1789 with so light a heart. Assuredly it has bequeathed to the statesmen and the people of 1889 problems of portentous

difficulty and number. But we are speaking now neither of '93 nor of '95, nor of '99, of no local or special incident, of no single event, nor of political forms. We are in this essay dealing exclusively with "the ideas of '89," with the movement which at Versailles, on 5th May, 1789, took outward and visible shape. And we are about to deal with it in its deeper, social, permanent, and human side, not in its transitory and material side. The Seine, the Loire, and the Rhone have washed away the blood which once defiled their streams, the havoc caused by the orgies of anarchy has been effaced, years make fainter the memory of crimes and follies, of revenge and jealousy. But the course of generations still deepens the meaning of "the ideas of '89," of the social, intellectual, economic new birth which then received official recognition, opening in a conscious and popular form the reformation that, in a spontaneous form, had long been brooding in so many generous hearts and profound brains.

No reading of merely French history, no study of the reign of Louis XVI. by itself, can explain this great movement — no political history, no narrative of events, no account of any special institution. Neither the degeneration of the monarchy, nor the corruption of the nobility, nor the disorder of the administration, nor the barbarism of the feudal law, nor the decay of the Church, nor the vices of society, nor the teaching of any school, nor all of these together — are adequate to explain the Revolution. They are enough to account for the confusion, waste, conflict, and fury of the contest — *i.e.*, for the explosion. But they do not explain how it is that hardly anything was set up in France between 1789 and 1799 which had not been previously discussed and prepared, that between 1789 and 1799 an immense body of new institutions and reformed methods of social life were firmly planted in such a way that they have borne fruit far and wide in France and through Europe. Nor do any of these special causes just enumerated suffice to explain the passion, the contagious faith, the almost religious fanaticism which was the inner strength of the Revolution and

the source of its inexhaustible activity. What we call the French Revolution of 1789, was really a new phase of civilization announcing its advent in form. It had the character of religious zeal because it was a movement of the human race towards a completer humanity.

Rhetoricians, poets, and preachers have accustomed us too long to dwell on the lurid side of the movement, on its follies, crimes, and failures; they have overrated the relative importance of the catastrophe, and by profuse pictures of the horrors, they have drawn off attention from its solid and enduring fruits. In the midst of the agony it was natural that Burke, in the sunset of his judgment, should denounce it. But it was a misfortune for the last generation that the purple mantle of Burke should have fallen on a prophet, who was not a statesman but a man of letters, who, with all Burke's passion and prejudice, had but little of his philosophic power, none of his practical sagacity, none of the great Whig's experience of affairs and of men. The "universal bonfire" theory, the "grand suicide" view, the "chaos-come-again" of a former generation, are seen to be ridiculous in ours. The movement of 1789 was far less the final crash of an effete system than it was the new birth of a greater system, or rather of the irresistible germs of a greater system. The contemporaries of Tacitus, Trajan, and Marcus Aurelius, could see nothing but ruin in the superstition of the Galileans, just as the contemporaries of Decius, Julian, and Justinian saw nothing but barbarism in the Goths, the Franks, and the Arabs.

The year 1789, more definitely than any other date marks any other transition, marks the close of a society which had existed for some thousands of years as a consistent whole, a society more or less based upon military force, intensely imbued with the spirit of hereditary right, bound up with ideas of theological sanction, sustained by a scheme of supramundane authority; a society based upon caste, on class, on local distinctions and personal privilege, rooted in inequality, political, social, material, and moral; a society of which the hope of salvation was

the maintenance of the *status quo*, and of which the Ten Commandments were privilege. And the same year, 1789, saw the official installation of a society which was essentially based on peace, the creed of which was industry, equality, progress; a society where change was the evidence of life, the end of which was social welfare, and the means social co-operation and human equity. Union, communion, equality, equity, merit, labor, justice, consolidation, fraternity—such were the devices and symbols of the new era. It is therefore with justice that modern Europe regards the date 1789 as a date that marks a greater evolution in human history more distinctly than, perhaps, any other single date which could be named between the reign of the first Pharaoh and the reign of Victoria.

One of the cardinal pivots in human history we call this epoch, and not at all a French local crisis. The proof of this is complete. All the nations of Europe, and indeed the people of America, contributed their share to the movement, and more or less partook in the movement themselves. It was hailed as a new dispensation by men of various race; and each nation in turn more or less added to the movement and adopted some element of the movement. The intellectual and social upheaval, which for generations had been preparing the movement, was common to the enlightened spirits of Europe and also to the Transatlantic continent. The effects of the movement have been shared by all Europe, and the distant consequences of its action are visible in Europe to the third and the fourth generations. And lastly, all the cardinal features of the movement of 1789 are in no sense locally French, or of special national value. They are equally applicable to Europe, and indeed to advanced human societies everywhere. They appeal to men primarily, and to Frenchmen secondarily. They relate to the general society of Europe, and not to specific national institutions. They concern the transformation of a feudal, hereditary, privileged, authoritative society, based on *antique right*, into a republican, industrial, equalized, humanized society, based on a scientific view of

the *common weal*. But this is not a national idea, a French conception of local application. It is European, or rather human. And thus, however disastrous to France may have been the travail of the movement officially proclaimed in 1789, from a European and a human point of view it has abiding and pregnant issues. May we profit by its good whilst we are spared its evil.

Obviously, the salient form of the Revolution was French, ultra-French; entirely unique and of inimitable peculiarity in some of its worst as well as its best sides. The delirium, the extravagances, the hysterics, and the brutalities which succeeded one another in a series of strange tragicomic tableaux from 1789 till 1795, were most intensely French, though even they, from caps of liberty to Festival of Pikes, have had a singular fascination for the revolutionists of every race. But the picturesque and melodramatic accessories of the Revolution have been so copiously over-colored by the scene-painters and stage-carpenters of history, that we are too often apt to forget how essentially European the Revolution was in all its deeper meanings.

A dozen kings and statesmen throughout Europe were, in a way, endeavoring to enter on the same path as Louis XVI. with Turgot and Necker. In spite of the contrast between the government of England and the government of France, between the condition of English industry and that of France, Walpole and Pitt offer many striking points of analogy with Turgot and Necker. The intellectual commerce between England and France from (let us say) 1725 to 1790 is one of the most memorable episodes in the history of the human mind. The two generations which followed the visit of Voltaire to England formed an intellectual alliance between the leading spirits of our two nations; an alliance of amity, offensive and defensive, scientific, economic, philosophical, social, and political, such as had not been seen since the days of the Greco-Roman education or the cosmopolitan fellowship of mediæval universities. Voltaire, Montesquieu, Hume, Adam Smith, Franklin, Turgot, Quesnay, Diderot, Condorcet,

D'Argenson, Gibbon, Washington, Priestley, Bentham — even Rousseau, Mably, Mirabeau, and Jefferson — belonged to a republic of ideas, where national character and local idiosyncrasy could indeed be traced in each, but where the essential patriotism of humanity is dominant and supreme.

In England, Pitt; in Prussia, Frederick; in Austria, Joseph; in Tuscany, Leopold; in Portugal, Pombal; in Spain, D'Aranda, — all labored to an end, essentially similar, in reforming the incoherent, unequal, and obsolete state of the law; in rectifying abuses in finance; in bringing some order into administration, in abolishing some of the burdens and chains on industry; in improving the material condition of their States; in curbing the more monstrous abuses of privilege; and in founding, at least the germs, of what we call modern civilized government. Some of these things were done ill, some well, most of them tentatively and with a naïve ignorance of the tremendous forces they were handling, with a strange childishness of conception, and in all cases without a trace of suspicion that they were changing the sources of power and their political constitution. And in all this the rulers were led and inspired by a crowd of economical and social reformers who eagerly proclaimed Utopia at hand, and who mistook generous ideals for scientific knowledge. For special causes the great social evolution concentrated itself in France towards the latter half of the eighteenth century; but there was nothing about it exclusively French. Socially and economically viewed, it was almost more English and Anglo-American than French; intellectually and morally viewed, it was hardly more French than it was English. Hume, Adam Smith, Burke, and Priestley are as potent in the realm of thought as Diderot, Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Condorcet. And in the realm of social reform, Europe owes as much to Bentham, Howard, Clarkson, Franklin, Washington, Pitt, and Frederick, as it does to Turgot, Mirabeau, Girondins, Cordeliers, or Jacobins. The "ideas of '89" were the ideas of the best brains and most humane spirits in the advanced nations of mankind. All nations

bore their share in the labor, and all have shared in the fruits.

But if the Revolution were so general in its preparation, why was the active manifestation of it concentrated in France? and why was France speedily attacked by all the nations of Europe? These two questions may be answered in two words. In France only were the old and the new elements ranged face to face without intermixture or contact, with nothing between them but a decrepit and demoralized autocracy. And no sooner had the inevitable collision begun, than the governments of Europe were seized with panic as they witnessed the fury of the revolutionary forces. In England the Reformation, the Civil War, the Revolution of 1689, and the Hanoverian dynasty, had transferred the power of the monarchy to a wealthy, energetic, popular aristocracy, which had largely abandoned its feudal privileges, and had closely allied itself with the interests of wealth. During two centuries of continual struggle and partial reform, a compromise had been effected in Church and in State, wherein the claims of king, priest, noble, and merchant had been fused into a tolerable *modus vivendi*. In France the contrary was the case. During two centuries the monarchy had steadily asserted itself as the incarnation of the public, claiming for itself all public rights, and undertaking (in theory) all public duties; crushing out the feudal authorities from all national duties, but guaranteeing to them intact the whole of their personal privileges. As it had dealt with the aristocracy so it dealt with the Church; making both its tool, filling both with corruption, and giving them in exchange nothing but license to exploit the lay commonalty. The lay commonalty naturally expanded in rooted hostility to the privileged orders, and to the religious and hereditary ideas on which privilege rested. It grew stronger every day, having no admixture with the old orders, no points of contact, having no outlet for its activity, harassed, insulted, pillaged, and rebuffed at every turn, twenty-six millions strong against two hundred thousand; all distinctions, rivalries, and authority, as amongst this *tiers état*, uniformly crushed by the superincumbent weight of monarchy, Church, and privilege. The vast mass of the people thus grew consolidated, without a single public outlet for its energies, or the smallest opportunity for experience in affairs; the whole ability of the nation for politics, administration, law, or war, forced into abstract speculation and

social discussion; conscious that it was the real force and possessed the real wealth of the nation; increasing its resources day by day, amidst frightful extortion and incredible barbarism, which it was bound to endure without a murmur; the thinking world, to whom action was closed, watching the tremendous problems at stake, in their most naked and menacing aspect, without any disguise, compromise, or alleviation. And in France, where the old feudal and ecclesiastical system was concentrated in its most aggravated form, there it was also the weakest, most corrupt, and most servile. And there, too, in France the *tiers état* was the most numerous, the most consolidated, the most charged with ideas, the most sharply separated off, the most conscious of its power, the most exasperated by oppression. Thus it came about that a European evolution broke out in France into revolution. The social battle of the eighteenth century began in the only nation which was strictly marshalled in two opposing camps; where the oppressors were utterly enfeebled by corruption; where the oppressed were fermenting with ideas and boiling with indignation.

The fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries saw the silent, universal, but unobserved dissolution of the old mediæval society. For crusades the soldier took to the puerilities of the tournament. The lordly castles fell one by one before the strong hand of the king. The humble village expanded into the great trading town. The Church was torn by factions and assailed by heresies. The musket-ball destroyed the supremacy of the mailed knight. The printing-press made science and thought the birthright of all. The sixteenth century saw a temporary resettlement in a strong, dominant monarchy and a compromise in religion. Whilst the seventeenth century in England gave power to a transformed and modified aristocracy, in France it concentrated the whole public forces in a monstrous absolutism, whilst nobility and Church grew daily more rife with obsolete oppression. Hence, in France, the ancient monarchy stood alone as the centre of the old system. Beside it stood the new elements unfettered and untransformed. It was the simplicity of the problem, the glaring nature of the contrast, which caused the intensity of the explosion. The old system stood with dry-rot in its heart; the new was bursting with incoherent hopes and undefined ideals. The Bastille fell — and a new era began.

Take a rapid survey of France in the closing years of the monarchy. She had not recovered the desolation of the long wars of Louis XIV., the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the banishment of the Protestants, the monstrous extravagance of Versailles and the corrupt system which was there concentrated. The entire authority was practically absorbed by the crown, whilst the most incredible confusion and disorganization reigned throughout the administration. A network of incoherent authorities crossed, recrossed, and embarrassed each other throughout the forty provinces. The law, the customs, the organization of the provinces, differed from each other. Throughout them existed thousands of hereditary offices without responsibility, and sinecures cynically created for the sole purpose of being sold. The administration of justice was as completely incoherent as the public service. Each province, and often each district, city, or town, had special tribunals with peculiar powers of its own and anomalous methods of jurisdiction. There were nearly four hundred different codes of customary law. There were civil tribunals, military tribunals, commercial tribunals, exchequer tribunals, ecclesiastical tribunals, and manorial tribunals. A vast number of special causes could only be heard in special courts; a vast body of privileged persons could only be sued before special judges. If civil justice was in a state of barbarous complication and confusion, criminal justice was even more barbarous. Preliminary torture before trial, mutilation, ferocious punishments, a lingering death by torment, a penal code which had death or bodily injury in every page, were dealt out freely to the accused without the protection of counsel, the right of appeal, or even a public statement of the sentence. For ecclesiastical offences, and these were a wide and vague field, the punishment was burning alive. Loss of the tongue, of eyes, of limbs, and breaking on the wheel, were common punishments for very moderate crimes. Madame Roland tells us how the summer night was made hideous by the yells of wretches dying by inches after the torture of the wheel. With this state of justice there went systematic corruption in the judges, bribery of officials from the highest to the lowest, and an infinite series of exactions and delays in trial. To all but the rich and the privileged, a civil cause portended ruin, a criminal accusation was a risk of torture and death.

The public finances were in even more

dreadful confusion than public justice. The revenue was farmed to companies and to persons who drew from it enormous gains, in some cases, it is said, cent. per cent. The deficit grew during the reign of Louis XV. at the rate of four or five millions sterling each year; and by the end of the reign of Louis XVI. the deficit had grown to eight or ten millions a year. But as to the exact deficit for each year, or as to the total debt of the nation, no man could speak. Louis XV. in one year personally consumed eight millions sterling, and one of his mistresses alone received during her reign a sum of more than two millions. Just before the Revolution the total taxation of all kinds amounted to some sixty millions sterling. Of this not more than half was spent in the public service. The rest was the plunder of the privileged, in various degrees, from king to the mistress's lackey. This enormous taxation was paid mainly by the non-privileged, who were less than twenty-six millions. The nobles, the clergy, were exempt from property-tax, though they held between them more than half of the entire land of France. The State could only raise loans at a rate of twenty per cent.

With an army of less than one hundred and forty thousand men, there were sixty thousand officers, in active service or on half pay, all of them exclusively drawn from the privileged class. Twelve thousand prelates and dignified clergy had a revenue of more than two millions sterling. Four millions more was divided amongst some sixty thousand minor priests. Altogether the privileged orders, having hereditary rank or ecclesiastical office, numbered more than two hundred thousand persons. Besides these, some fifty thousand families were entitled to hereditary office of a judicial sort, who formed the "nobility of the robe." The trades and merchants were organized in privileged guilds, and every industry was bound by a network of corporate and local restrictions. Membership of a guild was a matter of purchase. Not only was each guild a privileged corporation, but each province was fiscally a separate state, with its local dues, local customs' tariff, and special frontiers. In the south of France alone there were some four thousand miles of internal customs' frontier. An infinite series of dues were imposed in confusion over districts selected by hazard or tradition. An article would sell in one province for ten times the price it would have in another province. The

dues chargeable on the navigation of a single river amounted, we are told, to thirty per cent. of the value of the goods carried.

But these abuses were trifling or at least endurable when set beside the abuses which crushed the cultivation of the soil. About a fifth of the soil of France was in mortmain, the inalienable property of the Church. Nearly half the soil was the property of the rich, and was tilled on the *métayer* system. About one-third of it was the property of the peasant. But though the property of the peasant, it was bound, as he was bound, by an endless list of restrictions. In the Middle Ages each fief had been a kingdom of itself; each lord a petty king; the government, the taxation, the regulation of each fief, was practically the national government, the public taxation, and the social institutions. But in France, whilst the national authority had passed from the lord of the fief to the national crown, the legal privileges, the personal and local exemptions, were preserved intact. The peasant remained for many practical purposes a serf, even whilst he owned his own farm. A series of dues were payable to the lord; personal services were still exacted; special rights were in full vigor. The peasant, proprietor as he was, still delved the lord's land, carted his produce, paid his local dues, made his roads. All this had to be done without payment, as *corvée*, or forced-labor tax. The peasants were in the position of a people during a most oppressive state of siege, when a foreign army is in occupation of a country. The foreign army was the privileged order. Everything and every one outside of this order was the subject of oppressive *requisition*. The lord paid no taxes on his land, was not answerable to the ordinary tribunals, was practically exempt from the criminal law, had the sole right of sporting, could alone serve as an officer in the army, could alone aspire to any office under the crown. In one province alone during a single reign two thousand tolls were abolished. There were tolls on bridges, on ferries, on paths, on fairs, on markets. There were rights of warren, rights of pigeon-houses, of chase and fishing. There were dues payable on the birth of an heir, on marriage, on the acquisition of a new property by the lord, dues payable for fire, for the passage of a flock, for pasture, for wood. The peasant was compelled to bring his corn to be ground in the lord's mill, to crush his grapes at the lord's wine-press, to suffer

his crops to be devoured by the lord's game and pigeons. A heavy fine was payable on sale or transfer of the property; on every side were due quit-rents, rent-charges, fines, dues in money and in kind, which could not be commuted and could not be redeemed. After the lord's dues came those of the Church, the tithes payable in kind, and other dues and exactions of the spiritual army. And even this was but the domestic side of the picture. After the lord and the Church came the king's officers, the king's taxes, the king's requisitions, with all the multifarious oppression, corruption, and speculation of the farmers of the revenue and the intendants of the province.

Under this manifold congeries of more than Turkish misrule, it was not surprising that agriculture was ruined and the country became desolate. A fearful picture of that desolation has been drawn for us by our economist, Arthur Young, in 1787, 1788, 1789. Every one is familiar with the dreadful passages wherein he speaks of haggard men and women wearily tilling the soil, sustained on black bread, roots, and water, and living in smoky hovels without windows; of the wilderness presented by the estates of absentee *grandeues*; of the infinite tolls, dues, taxes, and impositions, of the cruel punishments on smugglers, on the dealers in contraband salt, on poachers, and deserters. It was not surprising that famines were incessant, that the revenue decreased, and that France was sinking into the decrepitude of an Eastern absolutism. "For years," said D'Argenson, "I have watched the ruin increasing. Men around me are now starving like flies, or eating grass." There were thirty thousand beggars, and whole provinces living on occasional alms, two thousand persons in prison for smuggling salt alone. Men were imprisoned by *lettres de cachet* by the thousand.

This state of things was only peculiar to France by reason of the vast area over which it extended, of the systematic scale on which it was worked, and the intense concentration of the evil. In substance it was common to Europe. It was the universal legacy of the feudal system, and the general corruption of hereditary government. In England, four great crises, those of 1540, 1648, 1688, and 1714, had very largely got rid of these evils. But they existed in even greater intensity in Ireland and partly in Scotland; they flourished in the east of Europe in full force; the corruption of government was as great in the south of Europe. The profligacy

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of Louis XV. was hardly worse in spirit, though it was more enormous in extent, than that of Charles II. The feudalism of Germany and Austria was quite as barbarous as that of France. And in Italy and in Spain the Church was more intolerant, more depraved, and more powerful. But in France, the whole of the antique abuses were collected in their most aggravated shape, in the most enormous volume, and with the least of compensating check. In England, the persons with hereditary rank hardly numbered more than a few hundreds, and perhaps the entire families of the noble class did not exceed two thousand; in France they exceeded one hundred thousand. In England the prelates and dignified clergy hardly exceeded one or two hundred; in France they numbered twelve thousand. In England the entire body of ecclesiastics did not number twenty thousand; in France they much exceeded one hundred thousand. In England, no single subject had any personal privilege, except the trifling personal exemptions of a few hundred peers; no exemption from taxation was known to the law; and no land was free from the king's taxes. In France more than half the soil, and two orders, amounting together to over two hundred thousand persons, were exempt. In England, with trifling exceptions, the old feudal rights had become obsolete or nominal. The legal rights of the lord had disappeared, along with his castle, in the great Civil War. In France the lord retained his social prerogatives after losing the whole of his public functions. In Germany, in Italy, in Spain, the lord still retained a large part of his real power, and had been forced to surrender some definite portion of his oppressive privilege.

But in France, where the whole of the ancient abuses existed on a scale and with an organized completeness that was seen nowhere else, there was also the most numerous, the most enlightened, and the most ambitious body of reformers. In presence of this portentous misrule and this outrageous corruption, an army of ardent spirits had been gathered together with a passionate desire to correct it. It was an army recruited from all classes — from the ancient nobility, and even the royal blood, from the lords of the soil, and the dignitaries of the Church, from lawyers, physicians, merchants, artificers; from sons of the petty tradesman, like Diderot; from sons of the notary, like Voltaire; of the clockmaker, like Rous-

seau; of the canoness, like D'Alembert; of the provost, like Turgot; of the marquis, like D'Argenson and Condorcet. This band of thinkers belonged to no special class and to no single country. Intellectually speaking, its real source in the first half of the century was in England, in English ideas of religious and political equality, in English institutions of material good government and industry. In the two generations preceding 1789, such Englishmen as Bolingbroke, Hume, Adam Smith, Priestley, Bentham, John Howard (one might almost claim part, at least, of Burke and of Pitt); such Americans as Franklin, Washington, and Jefferson; such Italians as Beccaria and Galiani; such Germans as Lessing, Goethe, Frederick the Great, and Joseph II., had as much part in it as Voltaire, Montesquieu, Turgot, Diderot, and Condorcet, and the rest of the French thinkers who are specially associated in our thoughts with the movement so ill-described as the French Revolution.

By the efforts of such men every element of modern society, and every political institution as we now know it, had been reviewed and debated — not, indeed, with any coherent doctrine, and utterly without system or method. The reformers differed much amongst themselves, and there were almost as many schemes of political philosophy, of social economy, of practical organization, as there were writers and speakers. But in the result, what we now call modern Europe emerged, recast in State, in Church, in financial, commercial, and industrial organization, with a new legal system, a new fiscal system, a humane code, and religious equality. Over the whole of Europe the civil and criminal code was entirely recast; cruel punishments, barbarous sentences, anomalies, and confusion were swept away; the treatment of criminals, of the sick, of the insane, and of the destitute were subjected to a continuous and systematic reform, of which we have as yet seen only the first instalment. The whole range of fiscal taxation, local and imperial, external and internal, direct and indirect, has been in almost every part of western Europe entirely reformed. A new local administration on the principle of departments, subdivided into districts, cantons, and communes, has been established in France, and thence copied in a large part of Europe. The old feudal system of territorial law, which in England had been to a great extent reformed at the Civil War, was recast not only in France but in the

greater part of western Europe. Protestants, Jews, and Dissenters of all orders practically obtained full toleration and the right of worship. The monstrous corruption and wealth of the remnants of the mediæval Church were reduced to manageable proportions. Public education became one of the great functions of the State. Public health, public morality, science, art, industry, roads, posts, trade, became the substantive business of government. These are "the ideas of '89"—these are the ideas which for two generations before '89 Europe had been preparing, and which for three generations since '89 she has been systematically working out.

We have just taken a rapid survey of France in its political and material organization down to 1789, let us take an equally rapid survey of the new institutions which 1789 so loudly proclaimed and so stormily introduced.

1. For the old patriarchal, proprietary, *de jure* theory of rule, there was everywhere substituted on the continent of Europe the popular, fiduciary, *pro bono publico* notion of rule. Government ceased to be the privilege of the ruler; it became a trust imposed on the ruler for the common weal of the ruled. Long before 1789 this general idea had been established in England and in the United States. During the whole of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries English political struggles had centred round this grand principle; the Declaration of Independence in 1776 had formulated it in memorable phrases. But how little the full meaning of this—the cardinal idea of 1789—was completely accepted even in England, the whole history of the reign of George III. may remind us, and the second and reactionary half of the careers of William Pitt and Edmund Burke. Over the continent of Europe, down to 1789, the proprietary, *jure divino* theory of privilege existed in full force, except in some petty republics, which were of slight practical consequence. The long war, the reactionary empire of Napoleon, and the royal reaction which followed its overthrow, made a faint semblance of revival for privilege. But after the final extinction of the Bourbons in 1830, the idea of privilege disappeared from the conception of the State. In England, the Reform Act of 1832, and finally the European movements of 1848, completed the change. So that throughout Europe, west of Russia and of Turkey, all governments alike, imperial, royal, aristocratic, or republican

as they may be in form, exist more or less in fact, and in profession exist exclusively, for the general welfare of the nation. This is the first and central idea of '89.

This idea is, in the deeper meaning of the word, *republican*—so far as republicanism implies the public good, the common weal as contrasted with privilege, property, or right. But it is not exclusively republican, in the sense that it implies the absence of a single ruler; nor is it necessarily democratic, in the sense of being direct government by numbers. It is an error to assume that the Revolution of 1789 introduced as an abstract doctrine the democratic republic pure and simple. Republics and democracies of many forms grew out of the movement. But the movement itself also threw up many forms of government by a dictator, government by a council, constitutional monarchy, and democratic imperialism. All of these equally claim to be based on the doctrine of the common weal and to represent the ideas of '89. And they have ample right to make that claim. The movement of '89, based on the dominant idea of the public good as opposed to privilege, took all kinds of form in the mouths of those who proclaimed it. Voltaire understood it in one way, Montesquieu in another, Diderot in a third, and Rousseau in a fourth. The democratic monarchy of D'Argenson, the constitutional monarchy of Mirabeau, the democratic republic of Marat, the plutocratic republic of Vergniaud, the republican dictatorship of Danton, even the military dictatorship of the first consul—were all alike different readings of the Bible of '89. With Carnot and Boulanger to-day face to face, all that we can state positively as the political idea of '89 is this. It means government by capacity, not by hereditary title, with the welfare of the whole people as its end, and the consent of the governed as its sole legitimate title.

2. The next grand idea of '89 is the scientific consolidation of law, administration, personal right, and local responsibility. Out of the infinite confusion of inequality that the lingering decay of feudalism during four centuries had left in Europe, France emerged in the nineteenth century with a scientific and uniform code of law, a just and scientific system of land tenure, an admirable system of local organization, almost absolute equality of persons before the law, and almost complete assimilation of territorial right. The French peasant who in 1789 struck Arthur Young with horror and pity,

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as the scandal of Europe, is now the envy of the tillers of the soil in most parts of the Continent, and assuredly in these islands. The most barbarous land tenure of the eighteenth century, the most brutal criminal code, the most complicated fabric ever raised by privilege, which France in 1789 exhibited to the scorn of mankind, has given way to the most advanced scheme of personal equality, to the paradise of the peasant proprietor, and to the least feudalized of all codes, which France can exhibit in 1889. It would be far easier to show in England to-day the unweeded remnants of feudal privilege, of landlord law and landlord justice, and certainly it is easier to show it in Ireland and in Scotland, than it is in France. Territorial oppression, the injustice of the land laws, the burden of game, or the customary exactions of the landlord, may be found in Ireland, may be found in Scotland, may be found in England—but they have absolutely disappeared in France. Her eight million peasants who own the soil are the masters of their own destiny, for France has now eight million kings, eight million lords of the soil. The twenty or thirty thousand, it may be, who in these islands own the rural lands, should ponder when the turn of their laborers will come to share in "the ideas of '89."

3. Down to 1789 France exhibited an amazing chaos of local government institutions. In the nineteenth century she possessed one that was perhaps the most symmetrical, the most scientific, and the most adaptable now extant. It may well be that under it centralization has been grossly exaggerated and local life suppressed. That, however, is a legacy from the old monarchy, and is not the work of the Revolution. The idea of '89 is not centralization, but decentralization. The excessive concentration of power in the hands of a prefect is part of the ancient tradition of France. The aim of D'Argenson, of Turgot, of Mably, of Malesherbes, was to give free life to local energy, to restrain the abuses of bureaucracy. There is still in France an oppressive measure of bureaucracy and a monstrous centralization. But a large part of the Continent has adopted from her the organic arrangement of subordinate authorities which the Revolution created, and which may be equally adopted by monarchy, empire, or republic; which may be combined with local self-government as well as with imperial autocracy.

4. Much the same may be said of the law which the Revolution founded. The

civil code of France, to which so unfairly Napoleon contrived to give his name, was neither the work of Bonaparte, nor the empire, nor of the nineteenth century. It was in substance the work of Pothier, of the great lawyers of the eighteenth century, from whose writings four-fifths of it is textually taken; and Tronchet, its true author, is essentially a man of the eighteenth century. It is true that, compared with some modern codes, the civil code of France is visibly defective. But, such as it is, it has made the tour of Europe, and is the basis of half the codes now extant. It was the earliest scientific code of modern law, for the code of Frederick belongs to the world of yesterday, and not of to-day. The civil code of France remains still, with all its shortcomings, the great type of a modern code, and is a truly splendid fruit of the ideas of '89.

5. With the code came in also a scientific recasting of the entire system of justice, civil, criminal, commercial, and constitutional; local and central, primary, intermediate, and supreme. Within a generation at most, to a great extent within a few years, France passed from a system of justice the most complex, cruel, and obsolete, to a system the most symmetrical, humane, and scientific. And that which in England, and in many other countries of Europe, has been the gradual work of a century, was reached in France almost at a bound by the generation that saw '89.

6. With a new law there came in a new fiscal system, a reform as important, as elaborate as that of the civil code, and we must say quite as successful. The financial condition of France during the whole of the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. had presented perhaps the most stupendous example of confusion and corruption which could be found outside a Turkish or Asiatic despotism. It was unquestionably the direct, primary, material origin of the Revolution. It was the main object of the labors of the truest reformers of the age. D'Argenson, Turgot, Malesherbes, Necker, and Mirabeau devoted to the appalling task the best of their thoughts and efforts. Before all of them, and before all the names of the century, the noble Turgot stands forth as the very type of the financial reformer. The conditions in which he sacrificed his life in vain efforts were too utterly bad for even his genius and heroic honesty to prevail. But the effort was not in vain. The idea of '89 was to put an end to the monstrous injustice and plunder of the old

monarchic and feudal fisc, to establish in its place an equal, just, scientific system of finance. Compared with English finance, the great triumph of Parliamentary government, the financial system of modern France seems often defective to us. But as compared with the financial condition of the rest of Europe, the reforms of '89 have practically accomplished the end.

7. Along with a reformed finance came in a reformed tariff, the entire sweeping away of the provincial customs' frontier, that monstrous legacy of feudal disintegration, and a complete revision of the burdens on industry. Political economy as a science may be said to be one of the cardinal ideas of '89; the very conception of a social science, vaguely and dimly perceived by the great leaders of thought in the eighteenth century, was itself one of the most potent causes, and in some ways one of the most striking effects, of the Revolution of '89. The great founders of the conception of a social science were all prominent chiefs of the movement which culminated in that year. Voltaire, Montesquieu, Diderot, D'Argenson, Turgot, Quesnay, Condorcet, were at once social economists and precursors of the great crisis. Adam Smith was as much an authority in France as he was in England. Political economy and a scientific treatment of the national production and consumption became with the Revolution a cardinal idea of statesmen and publicists. We are apt to think that our French friends are weak-kneed economists at best, and perversely inclined to economic heresy. It may be so. Our free-trade doctrines have been preached to deaf ears, and our gospel of absolute freedom makes but little progress in France. But it can hardly be denied that the economic legislation of France is entirely in accord with economic doctrine in France, or that the political economy of the State is abreast of the demands of public opinion.

8. To pass from purely material interests to moral, social, and spiritual, we must never lose sight of the splendid fact that national education is an idea of '89. A crowd of the great names in the revolutionary movement are honorably identified with this sacred cause. Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Diderot, Turgot, Condorcet, D'Argenson, Mirabeau, Danton—all felt to the depths of their soul that the new commonwealth could exist only by an enlightened people. Public education was the inspiration of the *Encyclopædia*; it was the gospel of '89, and the least tarnished of all its legacies to

our age. In the midst of the Terror and the war, the Convention pursued its plans of founding a public education. The idea was in no sense specially French, in no sense the direct work of the revolutionary assemblies. England, America, Germany, Europe as a whole, partook of the new conception of the duties of the State. It belongs to the second half of the eighteenth century altogether. But of all the enthusiasts for popular education, there are no names which will survive longer in the roll of the benefactors of humanity than those of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Turgot, and Condorcet.

9. With popular education there went quite naturally a series of social institutions of a philanthropic sort. Hospitals, asylums, poor-houses, museums, libraries, galleries of art and science, public parks, sanitary appliances, and public edifices, were no longer matters of royal caprice, or of casual benefaction; they became the serious work of imperial and municipal government. Almost everything which we know as modern civilization in these social institutions has taken organic shape and systematic form within these hundred years. Except for its royal palaces, Paris in the opening of the eighteenth century was a squalid, ill-ordered, second-rate city. Marseilles, Lyons, Bordeaux, had neither dignity, beauty, nor convenience. Except for a few royal foundations, neither France, nor its capital, was furnished with more than the meagrest appliances of public health and charitable aid. The care of the sick, of the weak, of the destitute, of children, of the people, the emancipation of the negro—all this is essentially an idea of '89.

10. To sum up all these reforms we must conclude with that of the Church. The Church of France in the eighteenth century, if it were one of the most splendid and the most able, was the most arrogant and oppressive survival of the old mediæval Catholicism. With an army of more than fifty thousand priests, and some fifty thousand persons in monasteries and bound by religious vows, owning one-fifth of the soil of France, with a revenue which, in the values of to-day, approached ten millions sterling, with personal, territorial, and legal privileges without number, the Gallican Church in the age of Voltaire and Diderot was a portent of pride, tyranny, and intolerance. A Church which, down to 1766, could still put Protestants to death with revolting cruelty, which is stained with the damning memories of Calas and La Barre, which was

almost as corrupt as the nobility, almost as oppressive as the royalty, which added to the barbarism of the *ancien régime* the savage traditions of the Inquisition, which left undone all that it ought to have done, and did all that it ought not to have done — such a Church cumbered the earth. It fell, and loud and great was the crash, and fierce have been the wallings which still fill the air over its ruins. The world has heard enough and too much of Voltaire's curse against *l'Infâme*, of Diderot's ferocious distich, how the entrails of the last priest should serve as halter to the last king. No one to-day justifies the fury of their diatribes, except by reminding the nineteenth century what it was that, in the eighteenth century, was called the Church of Christ. The Church fell, but it returned again. It revived transformed, reformed, and shorn of its pretensions. Its intolerance has been utterly stript off it. It is now but one of other endowed sects. It has less than one-fifth of its old wealth, none of its old intolerable prerogatives, and but a shadow of its old pretensions and pride.

The present essay proposes to deal with the social and political aspect of the movement of 1789, not with the wide and subtle field of the intellectual and humanitarian movement which was its prelude and spiritual director. But a short notice is needed of the principal leaders of thought by whom the social and political work was inspired. For practical purposes they may be grouped under four general heads. There was the work of destroying the old elements, and the work of constructing the new. The work was intellectual and religious on the one hand, social and political on the other. This suggests a fourfold division: (1) the school of thought whereby the old intellectual system was discredited; (2) that by which the old political system was destroyed; (3) those who labored to construct a new intellectual and moral basis of society; and (4) those who sought to construct a new social and political system. These schools and teachers, writers and politicians, cannot be rigidly separated from each other. Each overlaps the other, and most of them combine the characteristics of all in more or less degree. The most pugnacious of the critics did something in the way of reconstructing the intellectual basis. The most constructive spirits of the new world did much both directly and indirectly to destroy the old. Critics of the orthodox faith were really destroying the throne and the ancient rule, even when they least

designed it. Orthodox supporters of radical reforms rung the knell of the mediæval faith as much as that of the mediæval society. The spiritual and temporal organization of human life had grown up together; and in death it was not divided.

All through the eighteenth century the intellectual movement was gathering vitality and volume. From the opening years of the epoch the genius of Leibnitz saw the inevitable effect the movement must have upon the old society; and in his memorable prophecy of the revolution at hand (1704), he warned the chiefs of that society to prepare for the storm. For three generations France seemed to live only in thought. Action descended to the vilest and most petty level which her history had ever reached. From the death of Colbert, in 1683, until the ministry of Turgot, in 1774, France seemed to have lost the race of great statesmen, and to be delivered over to the intriguer and the sycophant. Well may the historian say that in passing from the politicians of the reign of Louis XV. to the thinkers of the same epoch we seem to be passing from the world of the pigmies to that of the Titans. Into the world of ideas France flung herself with passion and with hope. The wonderful accumulation of scientific discoveries which followed the achievements of Newton reacted powerfully on religious thought, and even on practical policy. Mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, began to assume the outlined proportion of coherent sciences; and some vague sense of their connection and real unity filled the mind of all. Out of the physical sciences there emerged a dim conception of a crowning human science, which it was the grand achievement of the eighteenth century to found. History ceased to be a branch of literature; it began to have practical uses for mankind of to-day; and slowly it was recognized as the momentous life-story of man, the autobiography of the human race. Europe no longer absorbed the interest of cultivated thought. The unity of the planet, the community of all who dwell on it, gave a new color to the whole range of thought; and as the old dogmas of the supernatural Church began to lose their hold on the mind, the new-born enthusiasm of humanity began to fill all hearts.

The indefatigable genius who was the acknowledged leader in the intellectual attack undoubtedly partook in a measure of all the four elements just mentioned, and his true glory is that, throughout the whole range of his varied work, this en-

thusiasm of humanity glows constantly aflame and warms his zeal. The almost unexampled versatility and fecundity of Voltaire's mind gave his contemporaries the impression of a far larger genius than the test of time has been able to concede him. His merit has been said to lie in a most extraordinary combination of secondary powers, no one of which was precisely of the highest class. He was neither one of the great poets, nor observers, nor philosophers, nor teachers of men, though he wielded, and for a longer time, the most potent literary power of which history tells. Although of the four main schools into which the eighteenth century movement may be grouped, Voltaire was especially marked out as the leading spirit of the intellectual attack, he did not a little to stimulate the constructive task, both in its philosophical and in its social side. It is from Voltaire's visit to England in 1726 that we must date the opening of the grand movement of '89. The accumulating series of impulses which at last forced on the opening of the States General at Versailles began with English ideas, English teachers, and English or American traditions.

At the same time (1724-31) was formed in the Place Vendôme, with the aid of Lord Bolingbroke, the confraternity of reformers, to whom he gave the English name of club. This was the first appearance in France of an institution which has played so large a part in the history of Europe, which is destined yet to play an even larger part. The Abbé Alari, the Abbé Saint-Pierre, the Marquis d'Argenson, and their companions in the Club de l'Entresol were already, sixty years before the opening of Revolution, covering the ground of the social ideas of '89, in a vague, timid, and tentative manner, it may be, but withal in a spirit of enthusiastic zeal of the better time they were not destined to see.

Of this group of premature reformers, of these precursors and heralds of '89, none is more illustrious than the Marquis d'Argenson, nor is any book more memorable than his "Reflections on the Government of France" (1739). Here we have the germ of the democratic absolutism which has again and again reasserted its strength in France; here are the germs of the local administration; here is the first proposal for the symmetrical system of eighty-six departments which since 1790 replaced the ancient provinces with all their anomalies. Here also is the repudiation by an illustrious

noble of the privileges of nobility, the condemnation of local restrictions on trade, and the dream of a new France where personal equality should reign, and where the cultivator of the soil should be lord of the land he tilled.

The chief spirit of the social and political destructives was as obviously Rousseau as Voltaire had been the chief spirit of the religious destructives. Our business for the moment is with neither of these schools and with neither of these famous men. As all heterodoxy seemed to be latent in the mordant criticism of Voltaire, so all subsequent political anarchy seems to be concentrated in the morbid passion of Rousseau. But though Rousseau must be regarded as in all essentials a destructive, there are many ways in which he had a share in the constructive movement of '89. In the splendor of his pleading for education, for respecting the dignity of the citizen, in his passion for art, in his pathetic dreams of an ideal simplicity of life, in his spiritual Utopia of a higher and more humane humanity, prophet of anarchy as he was, Rousseau has here and there added a stone to the edifice we are still building to-day.

When we turn to the constructive schools, there we find Diderot supreme in the intellectual world, Turgot in the political; whilst Condorcet is the disciple and complement of both. With the purely philosophical work of any of these three we are not now concerned. Our interest is entirely with the social and political question. And at first sight it may seem that Diderot has no share in any but the philosophical. But this most universal genius had a mind open to all sides of the human problem. His grand task, the "Encyclopédie" (and we may remember that the first idea of it came from an English encyclopædia, which it was proposed to translate), the "Encyclopédie" is largely, and indeed mainly, concerned with economic and social matters. Throughout it runs the potent principle of the unity of man's knowledge, of man's life, and of the whole human race. Diderot does far more than discuss abstract questions of science. He traces out the ramifications of science into the minutest and humblest operations of industry. In the "Encyclopædia" we have installed for the first time on authority that conception of modern times — the marriage of science with industry. Machines, trades, manufactures, implements, tools, processes, were each in turn the object of Diderot's

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enthusiastic study. He and his comrades, men like Turgot, D'Alembert, Condorcet, felt that the true destiny of man was the industrial. They strove to place labor on its true level, to dignify its task, and to glorify its mission. Never had philosophy been greater than when she girt up her robes, penetrated into the workshop, and shed her light upon the patient toil of the handicraftsman. For the first time in modern history thought and science took labor to their arms. Industry received its true honor, and was installed in a new sphere. It was a momentous step in the progress of society as much as in the progress of thought.

Chief of all the political reformers, in many things the noblest type of the men of '89, is the great Turgot; he who, if France could have been spared a revolution, was the one man that could have saved her. After him, Necker, a much inferior man, though with equally good intentions, attempted the same task; and the years from 1774-1781 sufficed to show that reform without revolution was impossible. But the twenty years of noble effort, from the hour when Turgot became intendant of Limoges in 1761 until the fall of Necker's ministry in 1781, contained an almost complete rehearsal, were a prelude and epitome, of the practical reforms which the Revolution accomplished after so much blood and such years of chaos. To give the official career of Turgot would be a summary of the ideas of '89. The suppression of the *corvée*, of the restrictions on industry, on the resources of locomotion, the restoration of agriculture, to reduce the finances to order, to diminish public debt, to establish local municipal life, to reorganize the chaotic administration, to remove the exemptions of the noble and ecclesiastical orders, to suppress the monastic orders, to equalize the taxation, to establish a scientific and uniform code of law, a scientific and uniform scale of weights and measures, to reform the feudal land law, to abolish the feudal guilds and antiquated corporations whose obsolete pretensions crushed industry, to recall the Protestants, to establish entire freedom of conscience, to guarantee complete liberty of thought; lastly, to establish a truly national system of education, — such were the plans of Turgot which for two short years he struggled to accomplish with heroic tenacity and elevation of spirit. Those two years, from 1774-1776, are at once the brightest and the saddest in the modern history of France. For almost the first time, and certainly for the

last time, a great philosopher who was also a great statesman, the last French statesman of the old order, held for a moment almost absolute power. It was a gigantic task, and a giant was called in to accomplish it. But against folly even the gods contend in vain. And before folly, combined with insatiable selfishness, lust, greed, and arrogance, the heroic Turgot fell. They refused him his bloodless, orderly, scientific revolution; and the bloody, stormy, spasmodic Revolution began.

To recall Turgot is to recall Condorcet, the equal of Turgot as thinker, if inferior to Turgot as statesman. Around the mind and nature of Condorcet there lingers the halo of a special grace. Sprung from an old baronial family with bigoted prejudices of feudal right, the young noble, from his youth, broke through the opposition of his order to devote himself to a life of thought. Spotless in his life, calm, reserved, warm-hearted, and tender, "the volcano covered with snow," that flamed in his breast, had never betrayed him to an outburst of jealousy, vanity, ill-humor, or extravagance. The courtly and polished aristocrat, without affectation and without hysterics, bore himself as one of the simplest of the people. The privileges of the old system, which were his birthright, filled him with a sense of un-mixed abhorrence. His scepticism, vehement as it was, did not spring from intellectual pride or from turbulent vanity. He disbelieves in orthodoxy out of genuine thirst for truth, and denounces superstition out of no alloy of feeling save that of burning indignation at its evil works. The "Life of Turgot" by Condorcet, 1787, might serve indeed as prologue to the memorable drama which opens in 1789. It was most fitting that the mighty movement should be heralded by the tale of the greatest statesman of the age of Louis XVI., told by one of its chief thinkers. And the fine lines of Lucan, which Condorcet placed as a motto on the title-page of his "Life of Turgot," may serve as the device, not of Turgot alone, but of Condorcet himself, and indeed of the higher spirits of '89 together —

Secta fuit servare modum, finemque tenere,
Naturamque sequi, patriæque impendere vi-
tam;
Nec sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo.

"The only party they acknowledged was the rule of good sense, and to keep firm to their purpose, to submit to the teaching of nature's law, and to offer up their lives for their country — holding that

man is born not for himself, but for humanity in the sum." He who would understand what men mean by "the ideas of '89" should mark, learn, and inwardly digest those two small books of Condorcet, the "Life of Turgot," 1787, and the "Historical Sketch of the Progress of the Human Mind," 1795.

The annals of literature have no more pathetic incident than the history of this little book — this still unfinished vision of a brain prematurely cut off. In the midst of the struggle between Mountain and Gironde, Condorcet, who stood between both and who belonged to neither, he who had the enthusiasm of the Mountain without its ferocity, the virtues and culture of the Girondists without their pedantic formalism, was denounced and condemned to death, and dragged out a few weeks of life in a miserable concealment. There, with death hanging round him, he calmly compiled the first true sketch of human evolution. Amidst the chaos and bloodshed he reviews the history of mankind. Not a word of pain, doubt, bitterness, or reproach is wrung from him. He sees nothing but visions of a happy and glorious future for the race, when war shall cease, and the barriers shall fall down between man and man, class and class, race and race, when man shall pursue a regenerate life in human brotherhood and confidence in truth. Industry there shall be the common lot, and the noblest privilege. But it shall be brightened to all by a common education, free, rational, and comprehensive, with a lightening of the burdens of labor by scientific appliances of life and increased opportunity for culture. "Our hopes," he writes, in that last lyric chapter of the little sketch, "our hopes as to the future of the human race may be summed up in these three points: the raising of all nations to a common level; the progress towards equality in each separate people; and, lastly, the practical amelioration of the lot of man." "It is in the contemplation of such a future," he concludes, "that the philosopher may find a safe asylum in all troubles, and may live in that true paradise, to which his reason may look forward with confidence, and which his sympathy with humanity may invest with a rapture of the purest kind."

The ink of these pages was hardly dry when the writer was seized by the agents of a republic to be guillotined on a scaffold in the name of liberty. But how many of us can repeat a hundred anecdotes of the guillotine, of its victims, and its professors, yet how few of us have seriously

taken to heart the "Sketch of Human Progress"! The blood is dried up, but the book lives, and human progress continues on the lines there so prophetically traced. "I have studied history long," says De Tocqueville, "yet I have never read of any revolution wherein there may be found men of patriotism so sincere, of such true devotion of self, of more entire grandeur of spirit."

FREDERIC HARRISON.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND WAR.

WHILST thousands of voices fill the air in France with shouts to commemorate the centenary of the greatest of all European revolutions, it is interesting to investigate the influence which that event exerted upon the science and practice of war.

Those who know and fully realize the moral forces which influence war in its inception, and still more in its progress, are well aware that no new faith can seize upon the reason or imagination of man without a serious effect upon war in all its phases. The causes which lead to war, the objects sought to be attained by it, the greater or less cruelty with which it is waged, the species of tactics employed, will always more or less reflect the spirit of the epoch, the aims and views of life which at any time happen to be prevalent. Say how any army was organized, disciplined, and taught to fight, and you tell the student of history what was the spirit of the age, the common standard of morality if not of religion, the genius and civilization of the people, and their form of government. War is naturally dependent upon the arms and mechanical contrivances of the age, but it is still more deeply influenced by the sentiment of the nation which wages it.

The French Revolution changed all the old stock notions and views of life, it affected profoundly the general view taken of the duties and responsibilities of man towards his fellow. It so upheaved all the constituted and previously recognized strata of society, that no branch or department of human activity escaped the influence of the great moral earthquake. Despotism, with all its outward garb of power, the golden trappings of sovereignty, that had so long imposed upon the un-united peoples, fell with one wide-sounding crash the moment it was attacked in front.

There had been angry mobs before ; some dispersed with grape-shot or destroyed by charging cavalry. But this was no mere hungry crowd, bent upon some specific and local vengeance. This was no mere combination of citizens to rectify some pressing evil, to remove some obnoxious tyrant. This cry was the cry of imprisoned thought. And the enfranchisement of thought led, as it were by a chemical process, to the aggregation of thought. The mind, the will of man in the multitude, combined into one force which worked in one direction, no one seemed to know why, but as unerringly as if it had been matter worked upon and influenced by a law of material nature. It was then the people became irresistible. They ceased to be a mob, with all its uncertain aims and easily influenced whims. They developed into an irresistible force, working, not steadily—for now it was with frenzied bounds, and then, again, with the slow progress of a fine-thread screw—but still always forwards. This combination of mind and sentiment into one common faith, faith in mankind, led men to realize their strength in a manner and to a degree never before known. I have seen a heavy, frowning rock perched on the edge of a lofty precipice or of some great cataract, where it had evidently been from immemorial time, and where it might have continued for ages had it not been for a push which threw it off its balance forever. And so it was with despotism in July, 1789. It fell before the people the moment it was touched, and its fall taught oppressed man in all civilized States his real power. The bogey became the scorn of all the moment the sheet, which gave it size and seeming importance, had been pulled from it, to allow its naked weakness to be seen by those who had previously shaken in fear and dread before it. The great wave of freedom burst through all the flimsy barriers with which cunning priests and despots had hemmed men in ; and on its swirling waters were to be seen the tinsel crowns, and stars, and trappings which had formerly bedecked tyranny.

The standing army, so commonly the cold, obedient, and relentless instrument of despotism, melted away before the summer heat of that enthusiasm which seized upon man's thoughts as soon as he was free to think and act. The democratic fire that had taken possession of the public mind was stronger than the formality of military obedience. The hitherto bright flame of personal loyalty to the sovereign as the son of St. Louis, to the king as the

head of the army, paled and disappeared when exposed to the glare of the newly developed sun of liberty. The discipline of the army died out, and with it all the steadying influence which organized troops can exercise in any crisis of a nation's life. It was, in fact, the disaffection of the army that led to the capture of the Bastille, which a very small amount of military force would have saved ; and it was the defection of the Royal Guards that lost Louis XVI. his head, events which spread abroad far and wide those revolutionary ideas and aspirations which have so materially altered the condition of man in Europe.

It is a commonplace of to-day that those whom we regard as the titular leaders of the French Revolution exercised but little, if any, actual control over the genius, the spirit of the time, that they were merely men who expressed the general desire by shouting "À la Bastille !" "Aux Invalides !" "À Versailles !" etc. But this clever attempt to deny the permanent effect which the individuality of some of those leaders has had upon the world, crumbles away when the military organization they created is closely studied, not only as to what it was and did then, but as to the new military system which has sprung from it, and what that new system has lately achieved in war and is now bringing about in peace. When the revolutionary leaders preached "liberty, equality, and fraternity" to all the world, urging all peoples to adopt this shibboleth, whatever it meant or still means, and promised to fraternize with all nations struggling to be free, the necessity for a strong army became at once apparent. They might possibly have gone on for years without any regular army, fighting amongst themselves in armed mobs. They might probably have been unmolested from without, as long as they confined themselves to the purification of France by killing only French citizens or murdering and plundering only French nobles ; but when the leaders preached this revolutionary jihad throughout all neighboring countries, they invited invasion and rendered war inevitable. For this war mobs would be of no use ; they must have armies. But where find them, or how organize them ? Up to that time the only conception of an army was an army on the old royal model, with the princes as its leaders and the nobles and gentlemen as its officers. But the guillotine had disposed of all those who could be caught, and those who had escaped swelled the ranks of the hostile

armies which now began to show themselves on the Rhine frontier. But even had the officers been available, would it be possible to create from the boiling, seething mobs, bubbling over with gaseous notions of liberty, any settled military formations, anything approaching a regular army? The stern military discipline which is the soul of a regular army is not begotten of revolutionary parents. Looking upon campaigns in the life of an army as one would on generations of men in the history of families, it may be said that several of the former are required before the result is a regular army, just as it is popularly believed it takes several of the latter to make a gentleman.

The leaders of the French Revolution saw war in front of them; their national territory to be defended, and no regular army to defend it with. If they could not meet the German hosts battalion for battalion, and squadron for squadron, they would, they thought, at least meet each hostile unit with a mass of enthusiastic and fiery conscripts. If the newly born revolutionary fire did not entirely compensate for the cool steadiness of the regular soldier, their very numbers might at least enable them, by sheer force of impact, to trample to death the comparatively small force of regulars opposed to them. King, priests, nobles, and gentlefolk had been ruthlessly removed, leaving triumphant Democracy the astonished but undisputed victor over all the active elements of internal France. Would she now bolt and run for it at the challenge of the first invader, the vindictive enemy of all she revered, of all she had achieved? No: "Aux armes!" was her unhesitating answer. It remained to be seen what an armed democracy could do in war; what would be the military institutions naturally evolved from it.

The result is known to all; how not only military institutions were influenced by democracy, but how war itself may be said to have been democratized by the active persistency of revolutionary principles. No previous democracy resembled that of France in 1789; no citizen army before or since was in organization or in spirit like that which first hurled back from the land of France the stiffly equipped and formally moving armies under Brunswick, and then in its turn invaded and overran all the countries of Europe, Great Britain alone excepted. The French Revolution may be said to have popularized war in a way and to an extent that marked a new epoch in man's history. A

strange revulsion of feeling this, in countries where standing armies had always been regarded as the cruel instruments maintained by tyrants for the suppression of liberty of action or freedom of thought. A popular and a truly national French standing army was the immediate result of the invitation to all people to throw off the yoke of despotism, and with it sprang up a passion for military glory, fed daily by frequent allusions to the victories of the Greek republics and of republican Rome. The names of Spartan, Theban, and Roman heroes became household words in every family. The army alone could defend the rights and liberties newly acquired by the French people, and its importance grew by general acclamation, until it at last became the visible sign of the ideas which had taken possession of the popular mind.

The battle of Valmy was fought on the 20th September, 1792, the day France first became really a republic. Goethe was present at it, and has left us an intensely interesting account of how it struck him at the time, of his sensations during its progress, of his reflections when it ended. It can rarely have happened in the history of the world that the most epoch-marking event of an age has taken place, as this battle did, under the very eyes of the most penetrating seer then alive. When the veterans of the great Frederick recoiled from their encounter with the revolutionary levies of Kellerman, this great mind realized that it was not merely a battle that had been lost by German troops, but a victory gained by a new phase of thought and of popular aspirations. "From this place, and from this day," said he that eventful evening, "begins a new era in the world's history; and you can all say that you were present at its birth."

What Goethe then foresaw, however, was not, strictly speaking, the changes in the constitution of armies, and in the military organization of nations which the victory, won by armed mechanics and peasants, was shortly to bring about. It was rather the assertion of the imperishable principle of democracy which he hailed as a new agent, a new motive power in the affairs of men. He alone in both camps seems to have realized the mighty political results of that memorable day.

Goethe was no soldier, and did not think or afterwards write of that day's work as it bore upon armies and future wars. His thoughts were upon the future of man, and not upon how that future was to be

affected by wars; much less of how the conduct of those wars was certain to be influenced by the events of that day. Nevertheless, the germ of the great military change which the French Revolution was to bring about, even as it affects the armies of to-day, may be said to have lain hidden in the clouds of smoke which rolled that day from the heights of La Lune over the plateau of Valmy. Brunswick's army was a collection of highly trained regiments, that existed to do the bidding of princes, to carry out the plans and purposes of statesmen. The levies of Dumouriez had been brought together through the enthusiasm of the people. Republican France now felt the country to be in danger, and the principles contended for during the three previous years to be threatened with extinction. A victory won by Brunswick meant the return to Paris of Condé and his emigrant nobles now fighting in the enemy's ranks. That would mean the re-establishment of absolutism, of the privileged classes, and the death-knell of liberty. All felt this was a war by the people for the people. It was no mere king's war, or a war for the glory and advantage of a dynasty, it was a war for freedom. The spark of freedom struck in Paris had indeed run like wild fire over most of France and lit up a lamp of hope in the hovel of the meanest peasant. The first attempts of the National Convention to make war were, however, grotesque failures. Whole armies ran away from mere detachments of the enemy, screaming, as is the wont of mobs, "We are betrayed," for mobs and the demagogues who direct them are never to blame in their own estimation, no matter how great may be their failure. The remains of the old royal army, without discipline, cohesion, or officers, seem at first to have exercised a baneful influence amongst the newly raised levies, and to have set a bad example of violence and disobedience. It was no wonder that all ranks under Brunswick should have laughed at what they contemptuously termed the "army of lawyers" opposed to them. Forming their opinion upon the old cut-and-dry reasoning deduced from the Seven Years' War, it is no wonder they should have regarded the march upon Paris as a sort of autumn parade. They looked through the great Frederick's spectacles, but not with that power of vision that would have enabled him, had he been there, to estimate the new moral as well as the material forces to be contended with.

The long story of the French revolutionary wars which followed this first republican victory, shows clearly enough how all-important is enthusiasm to an army. It is indeed the first element of victory, but especially in contests against mere mechanically moving armies, composed of what are commonly called soldiers, dressed and stiffened and drilled in old-fashioned military movements. But the great lesson we learn from that story is, how impotent for any great aim was that mere enthusiasm until it had been trained and controlled by discipline, and until it had been ordered and directed by the genius of great soldiers. The Valmy campaign is one of those many illustrations in history which destroy the modern theory that the deeds and actions of individuals leave but few lasting marks upon human affairs, upon the progress of man. No one will, I think, deny that had the allied army which then invaded France been commanded by a really able general, that army would have reached Paris with ease. The raw levies who held their ground on the slopes of Valmy would have streamed to the capital as so many others had done before, ignobly striving to excuse their misconduct by insolent denunciation of their officers. How different would history then have been! It might almost be said that the cautious pedantry of Brunswick laid the foundation-stone of the civilization of modern Europe. France, standing alone in Europe, actually poured into the field larger numbers of men than could be mustered by all the allied powers opposed to her. Yet, vast as were the hosts she gathered to her standard, their efforts were generally marred by the license and insubordination of all ranks. The roads to the frontier were filled with crowds of armed men who cheerfully and enthusiastically left their villages and their occupations to fight in the cause of the new faith. General after general was unjustly condemned by the ignoble demagogues who labored at Paris to conceal the great truth which they must have fully realized, that no amount of national enthusiasm will compensate for want of previously worked out and established military organization. Armies suddenly called together as those were in America twenty-seven years ago, can do great things when opposed to one another, but when brought face to face with a well-led regular army, they quickly dissolve into the elements of which they were originally composed.

Many were the unsuccessful leaders got rid of by those who ruled in Paris, some

being murdered in cold blood, others not less manifestly murdered by iniquitous administration, or by semi-official decree. At length one man perceived that under all this popular fury, this frothy enthusiasm and wild insubordination, there was everywhere present a sense of the impotence to which all this led. His vision pierced beneath the rank vegetation which floated on the surface, and he saw in the clear water beneath a general craving for a really skilful commander, who would not only lead them to victory, but prepare for that victory by enforcing his authority, and by the establishment of order and obedience. Napoleon said, "These men are not at heart *sansculottes*," when he found that the more he surrounded Josephine with dignity, and enforced respect for the wife of the general commanding, the more popular that general became.

No doubt when he said this, both time and experience had told on the side of military authority, and given substance and cohesion to what had been at first a mere volcanic quagmire. The quagmire had been drained, but the volcanic power was still there, giving life and ceaseless energy to the now consolidated army. The popgun and firework efforts of the old, formally constituted armies of Europe were hopelessly ineffective before such an army, under such a leader, when the magnetic currents of liberty and equality had been skilfully controlled; when they had changed their rôle from that of master and become the willing and obedient servants of genius.

It was the hand of a great leader of men who alone could effect this change, but it is doubtful if even Napoleon, great child of the Revolution as he was, could have created in the year of Valmy an army like that he formed around him during his first Italian campaign. Running all through Napoleon's writings there is the strongest condemnation of undisciplined armies. "You will not find me going to war with an army of recruits," he wrote. He was, however, fully aware of the power which the spirit infused by the Revolution gave to the well-disciplined army. The cry of liberty, the determination to hold on to the enjoyment and satisfaction of equality, and the love of military glory, which had been fostered by a constant reference to classic history, these and the wars that followed upon the proclamation of a republic, — all gave a strength and an impulse to the well-disciplined army of Napoleon that had been long unknown in the armies of Europe. He saw he could

not retain and utilize the power which had been created by the revolutionary excitement without constant appeals to the feelings which had aroused it. Hence, I think, much of the bombast which he made use of in his military orders and proclamations. Men are apt now to forget that, despite all the robberies in Italy by which he fostered the mere love of conquest in France, the mere love of victory in his army, Napoleon actually inspired a passionate enthusiasm for himself in the hearts of thousands of Italians. Nor were the benefits he conferred upon Italy imaginary only. Everywhere he swept away those cruel mediæval abuses which bound the people to the chariot-wheels of the priests and of the privileged classes. The great bulk of the people felt this, whilst it was only the favored few who mourned the loss of the accumulated works of art which, stolen from their houses, went to decorate the French capital. Though eventually he placed the crown of Italy on his own head, he first created that idea of a united Italy, of Italy for the Italians, which has taken form and substance in recent times.

In a similar way and for very similar reasons, this "child of the Revolution" succeeded in calling forth for his person a genuine and operative enthusiasm in Belgium and in Poland. Even when the moral stimulus changed its character and became the mere devotion of an army to the cherished leader who showed it the way to victory, the change was one which for many years suited the nature of the popular passions which the Revolution had evoked. Where but in an army fighting for a common cause could Frenchmen, Italians, Belgians, Poles, Alsations, and Lorrainers find a common point of union? During all his earlier wars it was as the representative, as the only useful, the only possible agent of the popular enthusiasm that he struck down the armies opposed to him. Gradually the personal element of his power began more and more to assert itself, until at last in the Waterloo campaign his army was no longer the representative of France at all, but a band of his personal adherents as hostile to the liberties for which the Revolution had struggled as it was to England.

In the reaction against his tyranny, Napoleon had evoked a national spirit which at last became as potent as the forces from which he himself sprang, and which he had subsequently taught to obey him. The forms of change which war took throughout all these quickly varying cir-

cumstances conformed to the spirit they evoked, the amount of active enthusiasm they aroused. The rigid forms, mechanical drill, and mathematical counter-marches which accorded with the stern spirit of discipline and the severe punishments of Frederick's military system, were opposed to the genius of the truly national armies which the Revolution brought forth. The cohesive power was no longer the mercenary's dread of punishment; it was the feeling of liberty added to national pride. Greater freedom of movement was exercised by the individual soldier—at first perhaps the result of democratic inspiration—than had been allowed him in the old royal army of France. This seems to have brought with it the great advantage of increased rapidity in movements. But the essential element of Napoleon's power lay in his realization of the value of the moral force in war, and the able manner in which he adapted his forms and system of war to suit them. The one nation which alone successfully resisted him from first to last, both on land and sea, was the one nation which, without any bloody revolution or upheaval of constituted authority, had long enjoyed the liberty the French Revolution aimed at. In England national life was free and active and daring. Nelson, even more than Wellington, represented the patriotic passion of the country. It is curiously characteristic of the English ideas of liberty then, that our great sailor, the son of a poor Norfolk clergyman, should have regarded the French revolutionists as criminals against whom the utmost rigor of devastating war should be waged as a national and a sacred duty.

How different were the feelings which actuated Wellington's soldiers from those which moved Napoleon's! There, beneath a stern sense of duty, lay a deep and sincere patriotism, a love of country, and, rightly or wrongly, an undisguised contempt for all foreign nations. They loved their own freedom and their own free constitution, but no extravagant notions about universal liberty and equality caused them to forget the loyalty they owed to king and country in any clap-trap sentimentality about the rights of man. The characteristics of Wellington's tactics fitted well to the middle place which was occupied by the English people amid the violent extremes of the time. The forms and modes of those tactics, though essentially based upon the Prussian system of Frederick II., were cleverly adapted by Sir John Moore to the genius and fighting instincts

of the British soldier. The line formation was retained; in it we met and overthrew the heavy columns adopted by revolutionary France, and subsequently perfected by Napoleon. The British line was, it may be said, the natural expression of the fighting force of a nation that loved order and hated anarchy; loving order as friendly to freedom, and hating anarchy as the symbol and sure precursor of tyranny.

Both the revolutionary epoch and the rule of Napoleon passed away. But the effect of Napoleon's attacks had developed in Prussia after Jena that national army which must be regarded as the true outcome and realization of the revolutionary spirit. The actual forms, it is true, which the genius of Gneisenau and of Scharnhorst created in order to outwit their great French conqueror having served their turn, crumbled into inefficiency in the sure decay of long years of peace. So much was this the case that in 1850, when the king of Prussia endeavored to collect an army to enable him to resist the dictation of Austria, the instrument broke like a rotten reed in his hand, and he was compelled to submit to an ignominious surrender. Similarly, in 1859, the unreformed organization failed absolutely. But the intense longing for national unity in Germany now came to perfect the instrument which the French Revolution may be said to have forged. Germany had borrowed the idea of universal conscription, a national army, from revolutionary France. The German desire of unity had now to make the national army the finest instrument of warfare that had ever been known. Great changes in the distribution of power between nations can no more be made with rose-water than can revolutions. I have no disposition to question or criticise the methods by which the result was secured. The fact remains that the splendid German army of to-day, the most essentially national of all armies, owes its effective power to this fact, namely, that whilst its inspiring force lies in the national resolution to maintain Germany intact, that force has been directed, disciplined, and ordered by great statesmen and by able soldiers. The actual personal sacrifices of time, comfort, and wealth, about which the revolutionists of 1848-49 could talk so glibly and so eloquently, have been translated into hard fact and actual work in the barrack-yards and manœuvring-fields of the greatest army of to-day. It remains for the future to tell us whether the sense of national humiliation, the result of crushing defeat

in the field, and the desire to see the tricolor restored to its former position in the world, have been similarly translated into those trying personal sacrifices which can alone yield the result pointed at by the patriotic enthusiasm of the nation which is now celebrating the centenary of the first outburst of its revolutionary fire.

The military legacy bequeathed by the first French Revolution to all the great nations of Europe, is the present system of universal service. Its drawbacks are well known. They are the frequent subject of schoolboys' themes, the topics of debating societies, and the delight of the after-dinner orator. It is easy to persuade ourselves that anything which can cause us inconvenience, or that may tend to retard our acquisition of wealth, is not only wrong, but foolish. In dwelling upon its personal inconveniences we are apt to ignore the benefits it confers upon the nation. What does it do for the working man and the laborer? That is a question of more importance to the nation than its effects upon the merchant or the professional man. It must be admitted that it supplies to the men of a nation a perfect system of physical training. It brings with it a love of order, cleanliness, and neatness, as well as physical health. By the obedience and the discipline it enforces, and the self-reliance it inculcates, it affords a splendid moral education that could with difficulty be furnished, nationally, in any other way. Furthermore, the army of Germany, for example, is, as it were, the skeleton of German social life, where every class is represented, duly labelled, and its function ticketed. The highest classes are largely represented in the army, as all its officers are drawn from them. In this way, the rude peasant and ignorant shop-boy carry with them from the army into civil life an appreciation of the purpose and value of a hierarchy. They see the highest in the land working hard in barracks for a pittance that many tradesmen would despise, and so they come to understand that position has its onerous duties as well as its advantages. They learn the worth of wise direction and the necessity of subordination; they see that the work is to the doer, and that honor and position are the rewards of merit. Standing in the ranks shoulder to shoulder with the "one-year volunteer," they perceive that the privilege he enjoys means extra hard work. They see how this volunteer of superior education learns in twelve months what the ordinary soldier takes about thirty to acquire, and

they cannot fail to be struck with the earnestness with which the man of superior social position sets about his task. Each grade in this great military machine has its allotted functions, and every individual in it is taught subordination to, and respect for, those above him. There are no mouthings about that "equality" which ruined the early armies of the French Revolution. In Germany the recruit learns respect for others, and also those sound moral principles upon which alone a healthy discipline can be built up, and thus it is that the German army becomes the surest bulwark of defence against the communistic leanings of the German artisan. Is it not true that this army, constructed for war purposes, is after all the most efficacious of national schools that has ever been possessed by any people? How different must be the views and aims of life, the pride of nation and love of country in a people so educated, from the feelings entertained in those countries where the moral and physical education of the masses is neglected or left to chance!

The French Revolution had a great and immediate influence upon the conduct of war. The old stiff and out-of-date manœuvres gave place to rapidity of movement. It proved that armies of mercenaries, no matter how well drilled, were feeble instruments when compared with national armies, imbued with all the fire and enthusiasm which love of country and pride of race can alone supply. It taught the world that if an army is to be strong and healthy, promotion and command must be the reward of merit and ability. It imparted many useful lessons to nations as well as to despots. But in this year of grace, the outcome of all it taught is, that whilst republicanism is at a discount in Europe, the army and the nation have come to be synonymous terms in all the great European States. As in the first efforts of the National Convention to make war, so now it is the nation, and not some mere standing army, that marches to the front. Then, the French masses which flocked to the frontiers in arms were undrilled in their use, ignorant of what discipline meant, and, as a people, wholly uneducated. Now, when the European nation embarks in war, its whole manhood falls into the ranks, each individual in his allotted place, and well acquainted with the particular duty he has to perform. It is essentially the people's army; a great democracy, in each unit of which you will find every social class and every gradation of intellect represented in

their due proportion, all well disciplined in mind and well instructed in the use of arms. This is the present effect of the French Revolution upon the military institutions of the great European nations. It is considerable, but yet small when compared with the educational results which those military institutions have already achieved in Germany, and are certainly bringing about in all those nations which have followed Germany's example. I take the German army as the highest existing type of the military system and organization which the changes effected in armies by the French Revolution have led up to; and much as I admire that army as a soldier, I admire it still more as a citizen. Great as it is for war, it is infinitely greater as a national school for the moral, mental, and physical training of the people. Designed exclusively for war, it has become the most important of peace institutions. In it all Germans are trained to strength, and taught the first principles of personal cleanliness and of health. There they learn to be honest and manly, and are taught the excellence of those virtues which serve to make men good subjects and law-abiding citizens. It is the school of the nation, in which deep love of fatherland is fostered and cherished, and where all classes learn that there is honor in obedience and nobility in self-sacrifice.

The principle that merit should be adequately rewarded, which according to Carlyle was the unconscious desire of the French Revolution, is realized almost perfectly in the German army of to-day. The German non-commissioned officer after serving twelve years with the colors, knows that he will be offered civil employment on the railways, or in the police or the customs forces, and that this civil post will be one higher in honor, and generally with better pay attached to it, than he would have been at all likely to reach in the open competition of life. And so he devotes himself to his duties when in the army with an ardor elsewhere unknown. It is a common complaint in France, on the other hand, that their non-commissioned officers are not as good as they might be; and that they are not extremely energetic may, perhaps, be inferred from the fact that their energy is not afterwards rewarded by an assured and high place in civil life. Furthermore, it is said that the gentlemen volunteers of one year are not the source of strength they should be to the French army. In Germany these young gentlemen, we hear,

are required to live for six weeks or so in the barracks with the common soldiers, but after this period, in which they are supposed to have learned the routine of barrack life, they are allowed to take private lodgings, and so relieved from a companionship which is distasteful to them. In France the volunteer is compelled to pass his year in the *chambrée*, side by side with the peasant or working man, whom he not infrequently subsidizes and turns into a servant.

In France the spirit of equality seems here to be pushed a little too far, and we are informed the result is that the gentleman volunteer becomes discontented, while the private soldier is not benefited. But however real these causes of complaint may be, it can scarcely be denied that in Germany, and in France also, the army is the great training-school of the nation in virtues which cannot be too highly esteemed. And this school, with all its many good consequences, is the direct result of the French Revolution, and, perchance, its most valuable result. Why it should be sneered at and condemned by some Englishmen I am at a loss to understand. But perhaps its value may yet come to be truly appreciated in Great Britain, whose splendid volunteer army is a proof that our youths, too, appreciate the advantages of being trained physically and morally; although, alas! the volunteers are drawn from classes who do not need this training nearly as much as do our workmen and agricultural laborers. It seems to me that the lessons of the French Revolution are sure to realize themselves in Great Britain in the process of time, but, perhaps, this lesson will only be learned under the pressure of necessity.

WOLSELEY.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
IN A CLEFT STICK.

A LONELY hamlet in the depths of a Moravian pine forest. It consists of but five low cottages, built of rough stones and thatched with straw. For light the peasants burn pine logs upon the hearth. The flickering gleam of their red flames shines through the small windows, and is lost in the gloom of the forest. The summer night is dark with clouds, and the moon has not yet risen. The wind sighs softly over the tops of the pines, otherwise all around reigns the completest stillness.

In a small room in one of the cottages,

five men sit round a rough table, playing cards by the light of the pine logs, and smoking short wooden pipes. They are, all of them, of middle age, between forty and fifty, browned with the sun and the wind. Their beardless faces are covered with wrinkles, and their bristling hair is cut short. They wear roughly knitted, home-made jerseys, and are bare-footed.

In a corner of the room, a woman sits on a wide bed, rocking with her foot a cradle in which a baby is asleep. Two bigger children sleep on the bed behind her. The woman has a rosary in her hands and is telling her beads. The men do not speak, except when the game requires it. They are playing for marks only, which they make with a piece of chalk upon the table. The monotonous amusement lasts an hour or two. Meanwhile the woman has laid herself down on the bed, and gone to sleep.

At length the old, smoke-stained wooden clock strikes eleven with a dull sound, resembling that of a cracked glass. As if at a word of command, the men rise at once from the bench, and shuffle softly from the room.

The last of them, a man of middle height, who limps on one foot, carefully puts out the fire. This is the owner of the cottage, Skokan.

Outside, his companions waited in the yard. One of them had in his hands four rods, each about three yards long, bent in the form of a bow, and a pole. All wore something fastened at their sides, which looked like a bag. When Skokan had taken from under the eaves a little, roundish bundle of rods, and another long pole, he also fastened a bag at his side. That done, he whistled to a small dog to come out of his kennel, and then they all left the yard together, Skokan closing the gate carefully, so that the dog should not get out.

Leaving the road at once, they entered under the dark vault of the branches of the great pine-trees. Not a word was spoken amongst them. For half an hour they passed on, following Skokan, sometimes through the thick woods, sometimes through new plantations, where the branches of the young trees beat roughly against their faces. At last they came to a little brook that wound its way through the thickets. There Skokan stopped.

"Mates," he said in a low voice, "we will stop here and rest, so that we shall not go heated into the water."

They all sat down on the spongy moss, unable to see one another in the dark.

"Listen, mates," went on Skokan, "I have heard a report. You know, mates, that we have worked together these twelve years, and up to now they have never caught any of us. But yesterday evening I heard something."

"What then?" asked two voices. The third man was silent.

"You know Frantishka, who was my wife's friend, is in service with the bailiff."

"Ay, what then?" assented again the two voices.

"Yesterday my wife went with her to vespers, and Frantishka told her that they say we ought to keep an eye on you, Zinka. They say that yesterday morning you were talking for a long time with the bailiff and the forester at the office."

The man who had hitherto kept silence, answered quickly, "I went to the office to pay the rent."

"But Frantishka says that you were there a long time."

"Skokan, you are not fooled by a woman's chatter," answered the man who was addressed. "All these years we have worked together you have never doubted me. The forester was there only by chance."

"Well, mate, I did think it was just woman's chatter," agreed Skokan.

"I don't believe it." "Nor I," said the other two.

"I have only told you, mates, that there was something said," replied Skokan easily. "Now we are cool let us go down to the mere. We can jump the stream easily just below here."

The men were poachers, and to-night were going to catch carp in one of the count's meres. They had been thither often enough before, they and the other villagers too. For they all poached—in winter game, and in the summer carp; stealing out at night, when the moon rose late, from their quiet cottages in the lonely woods; to return at dawn, soaking wet, and numbed with cold; bent sometimes with the weight of the carp in the bags on their backs, and sometimes with the pain of a gunshot; and sometimes leaving behind them on the forest paths drops of blood to mark their steps. Now and again a man never came home at all.

Many of them had no occasion to poach. They could live well enough on the produce of their fields and meadows. But the poaching was a passion with them. Of them all, the most daring and the most experienced was the limping Skokan. What a number of carp that man had taken

home from the count's fishponds for his children to eat! His wife also secretly took the fish round for sale. The neighboring country priests bought them for Fridays, the schoolmasters, and sometimes the gentlefolks in the neighboring towns. By means of this trade with the count's carp, Skokan and his companions were piling up a nice little heap of florins. The highest ambition of the count's gamekeepers was to catch Skokan in the act. But all their ingenuity had been hitherto in vain. He always got away.

The poachers rose, and groped through the dark to the edge of the stream. They knew the place well. Three of them had already jumped the brook. Only Zinka remained. Then he jumped too, but, alighting on his right foot, gave a sudden shriek of pain. The same instant he checked himself, and was silent.

"What's happened, Zinka?" asked Skokan quickly.

"I jumped on the stump of a tree, and have hurt my foot."

In fact, he had jumped barefooted on the stump of a young pine, which had been sawn half through, and broken off. A sharp splinter stood up like a finger, and had pierced the sole of his foot.

"It pains me fearfully," moaned Zinka.

One of the poachers tore off a strip, about four inches wide, from the edge of his bag, and gave it to Zinka, who bound his wound with it, and, having picked up his rods, limped after his mates.

"My wound will get washed in the water, and after a few days it will be quite well," he comforted himself, bearing the keen pain with the quiet philosophy of a rough nature, not a little assisted by the fact that he had something heavier than the pain weighing upon his mind. Already he had set down his wound as a judgment come upon him for the treachery of which he had been guilty against his mates. For he was leading his friends, with whom he had poached ever since he was a lad, and more particularly his old, faithful, true mate Skokan, into a trap which the count's gamekeepers had set.

Only the day before, the count's bailiff had sent for him to come to the office, and there had said to him dryly and shortly, "Zinka, all the world knows that you poach with Skokan. Now, if you will not tell us when and where Skokan goes for the fish, so that we can take him in the act, understand this—the time is coming round for the conscription. Your only son will have to stand, and we will have him enlisted, without any chance of his getting

off. You will not see him, Zinka, for fourteen years—perhaps never again."

The bailiff's threat struck Zinka dumb.

"Now, if you will tell us," continued the bailiff, "when and where that old rogue goes poaching, and we catch him, I will get your son off from the conscription forever."

Zinka and his wife had no child except Tomash. Dearly they loved him, and often they talked to each other how they would give him a cottage, and marry him, and reckoned up whether they had put by money enough. Already they had their eyes on several peasants' smart young daughters who would do for him. But the conscription! Fourteen years in the army!

Zinka knew very well that he had been for some time in evil odor with the bailiff for his poaching, and that it was out of revenge that the bailiff would get Tomash enlisted. Well, he could save Tomash. But he must betray his old and faithful mate. To steal carp out of the count's mere—in that Zinka saw no harm at all. But to betray his mate, who helped him to steal the carp, that seemed to Zinka the vilest baseness and degradation.

The conflict in the poacher's soul was fierce. Against his friendship for Skokan, his instincts of a father battled hard, telling him that his first duty was to his own flesh and blood. But for all that he hesitated. The bailiff saw it, and began to describe to him the hardships and miseries of the fourteen years' military service. "For the smallest neglect," said the bailiff, "a soldier has to run the gauntlet, to be wounded with swords in the sides and the back, until his steps are printed in blood!" And of course the soldier might come home a cripple, with only one foot, or without a hand.

"Your honor," broke in the voice of poor, terrified Zinka, "the Lord's will must be done! This is a mean, shameful deed. I know it. But I will do this to save my son. It would be the death of his mother, if they took him away."

The bailiff smiled quietly, patted the poacher on the shoulder, and said, "You are a good and worthy tenant of his lordship's to give information against those people who rob him. Now, tell me, when and where will Skokan be going for the fish?"

"Your honor, to-morrow at midnight we are going down to the big mere," replied the poacher in a trembling voice.

He felt as if, at that moment, his heart was being crushed in a vice.

"Good. The forester will attend to it. If Skokan is caught, they will let you go. And," he added, "they will know Skokan by his limp." Then he changed his threatening tone to a pleasant one, and set the poacher at his ease, saying, "We will get your son put down on the list as shortsighted, and he will be clear of the conscription forever."

Zinka thanked him for his kindness. He had still to explain which way the poachers would approach the mere. After that the bailiff let him go.

On his way home Zinka was very unhappy about having betrayed his mate, but he did his best to comfort himself with the assurance that what he had done was his duty to his son. But not a word did he say about what had passed, neither to his son nor to his wife. And now he was on his way to the mere with his mates, with Skokan, whom a warning against him had reached, but who, nevertheless, believing in his previous fidelity, had given the warning no credence. His other mates trusted him too, Novak and Jarosh. Zinka was sure of it, and it pained him the more that he had betrayed them.

They were making their way now through the thickets downwards from the higher ground. A few hundred steps and they were on the edge of the wood. A narrow ribbon of meadow lay before them, and beyond it, surrounded with rushes and reeds, the black surface of the wide mere; black, because the sky was strewn with thick, dark clouds, through which the rays of the moon, that had just risen, glimmered only now and then for a moment. Two of the poachers undid the bundle of rods which they had brought, bound them in pairs, in the form of a cross, and fastened upon their ends strong nets which they took out of their bags. The nets thus constructed they fastened to the ends of the two poles. A few words spoken softly, and then they silently took different ways to the different parts of the mere.

The mere, lying in a hollow, was in the form of an acute-angled triangle, whose sharpest angle pointed towards the west. The dam at the other end lay towards the east. The poachers came out of the wood directly against the apex of the triangle. Skokan limped along the northern side, and with him Jarosh with the net. On the southern side were Zinka and Novak. They all looked for the places where the openings in the bushes offered a path into the water.

Three of the poachers had no suspicion

at that moment, that in the thick, leafy branches of the alders, that stood dark around the borders of the pool, and in the shadows of the tangled willows, were hidden the count's gamekeepers and woodmen. Only Zinka knew that, and sorely the upbraidings of his conscience tormented him. For a moment he thought that he might take his mates away from the danger; but then he remembered with a shudder the fourteen years' military service, and the lost arms and legs. When he reached the pond the chill of the water was comforting to his fevered blood. Only fifteen steps from the rushes the water was clear, where the carp come to feed in the night. There the poachers let down their nets, in which, when they were after a short time lifted from the water, there were always several large fish.

Zinka's hand trembled as he lifted the slippery carp out of the net and put them into his bag. Every instant he expected that the gamekeepers and woodmen hiding themselves amidst the alders would present themselves before his eyes. Novak's face brightened with pleasure at the size of the fish. Skokan and Jarosh were fortunate, too. On both sides of the water the carp were travelling rapidly out of the mere of their lord and master the count into the bags of the poachers.

In the valley round the mere not a sound of living thing was audible; only the reeds, bent by the wind, rustled together, as did the dark leaves of the alders, and the tangled branches of the willows bending down over the rushes; and, at a little distance, the ceaseless whispering of the pine forest was audible. The darkness was profound. But the quick eyes of the poachers, accustomed to the gloom, and practised to recognize objects even in the darkness, cautiously stole around, even at the busiest moments of their labor, spying keenly, and seconded by sharp hearing, to observe the approach of any danger. Suddenly the hoot of an owl sounded through the silence of the night. It floated over to Zinka and Novak from the north. Both of them instantly, as if they had been struck by a shot from an invisible weapon, dropped their fish, stooped down to their necks in the water, and hid themselves against the high reeds. A short time, and again the hoot was repeated. Novak, crouched against the reeds, softly and silently drew the net to himself, cut off the net from the rods with a knife, and twisted it around his neck. Then he softly let the rods and the pole go in the water. He knew that the hoot of the

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owl had really come from Skokan, who, in a dim shimmer of the moon's rays peeping for a moment through the torn clouds, had seen with his quick eye a gun-barrel glisten amongst the branches of the alders. In an instant he had guessed that the mere was surrounded, and had given the owl's hoot as a warning sign to his companions to take flight.

Crouched against the high reeds, the poachers could not now see what was being done around the mere. They could not see the gamekeepers creeping out of the thick bushes on both sides, near the apex of the mere, nor how they came along the banks in order to cut off the retreat to the woods.

The forester and the gamekeepers, in the hands of one of whom the long gun had glistened, waited, listening breathlessly to hear the water splash somewhere in the pool. They had recognized the owl's hoot as an imitation, and knew that that is a sign for flight among the poachers, whom they had seen arrive and wade into the pool. The one of them who recognized the limping Skokan had permission from the forester to shoot at him. At the others they were not to shoot under any circumstances.

The poachers, guessing that the gamekeepers would wait for them near the upper part of the pool, crouching down to their necks in the water, waded cautiously along by the reeds in an eastward direction, downwards towards the dam, in hope of getting out of the mere, and taking flight to the wood.

Saving their bags filled with carp was not to be thought of. They let them go in the water, and the carp struggled and wriggled in the bags until they succeeded at last in getting out the same way they went in.

Softly and cautiously the poachers crept along through the water, so as not to disturb it, lest they should be betrayed by the splashing. Skokan and Jarosh, having waded first of all about a thousand steps by the side of the rushes, crept out afterwards into the deep. There, hidden by the darkness, and by the mist which rose from the mere, they swam silently straight forward in the dark, where it was impossible for any human eye to descry them from the bank, downwards towards the dam. When they reached it they crept in amongst the alders, pushed their way through them to the top of the dam, crossed it on all fours, and slipped down behind into the thicket, where they were safe. They were not together. Neither

knew anything of the other. Skokan, with his lame leg, had dropped behind in swimming. At that moment the wind for an instant cleared the clouds from the sky around the moon, and the moon, a few days past the full, shone out clearly over the mere and the wide woods.

On the southern side of the mere, about half-way to the dam, Novak crept out of the rushes, leapt up on the bank, and like a frightened stag shot with monster strides across the meadow into the wood and disappeared. The gamekeepers saw him plainly, but it was impossible to catch him.

Zinka, too, had crept far from the place where they had caught the carp, and waited for the clouds to cover the moon to take a similar flight to the woods. He was greatly distressed, both with anxiety about his companions, and with the pain that his wound gave him. The bandage had slipped off it, and the sand and the mud had got in. His foot had swollen considerably, and pained him so cruelly that more than once he was near swooning. He wetted his face with the cold water to keep away the sensation of faintness. Meanwhile he awaited momentarily, with a feverish terror, the report of a gun, which would bring down one of his mates either to the earth or to the depths of the mere. Crouched up to his neck in the water against the lofty reeds, he folded his hands, swollen with the cold water, and looking up into the sky, in which the black clouds hurried in dark flight from west to east, prayed with a wild fervor.

"O God, give my mates a chance of getting away safely!"

Once more the heavy clouds veiled the scene in impenetrable darkness. Zinka raised himself. But scarcely had he got upon his feet, when he became aware of a burning pain which seemed to mount from his wound to his head. It was impossible to tread upon that foot. But fly he must! The gamekeepers would let him go if he cried out, but that he dared not do, lest his mates should know that he had betrayed them.

Anxious to avail himself of the momentary gloom, he waded cautiously out of the water and the thick, sticky mud, and, parting with his hands the rustling reeds, emerged at length on the high bank, and, limping, made his way, with long springs, towards the wood.

Suddenly again the clouds broke. The moon shone out in all her brightness, lighting the mysterious dim woods, and gleam-

ing in silver threads upon the mere, rippling beneath the wind. The sudden brightness filled the flying poacher with alarm. With a great effort he hastened with all his strength his halting steps. At that moment a red light gleamed in his eyes. In the quiet of the night the report of a gun rang out startlingly, and rolled on, repeated by the echoes of the woods, till it finally died away. The moment after the shot, Zinka stumbled as if he had been struck by lightning. In the light of the moon, his form stood out black against the grey meadow, close by a thicket. Several times he mastered himself by an effort, but at last rolled over, as a stifled groan broke from his lips pressed against the damp moss. Then everything was quiet and the dark body lay still.

Near the place from whence the shot was fired, a short whistle sounded, and was answered from the other side of the mere. It was the sign of the gamekeepers that their hunt was ended.

At the head of the mere the gamekeepers and woodmen gathered in a knot round one who whispered,—

"That limping beast will give us no more trouble."

"Skokan?" asked one.

"He rolled over; didn't you see?"

"At last!" said another.

None of them went near the wounded man, lest he should recognize them, and give evidence against them, or, more likely, try to revenge himself. Leaving the mere, they took their way home through the dark woods.

The report of the gun made the three poachers hidden in the thickets start. All of them knew that one of their companions had been shot at. Skokan and Jarosh, hidden under the dam, knew that the shot must have been fired at Zinka or Novak. Novak, being nearer, was sure that it was fired at Zinka.

Nearly an hour passed. Novak listened anxiously to assure himself that the gamekeepers were really gone, and, hearing nothing more of them, ventured at last out of the thicket. He was soaked to the skin, and shivering with fear and cold. Cautiously he looked around the meadow, and suddenly stopped, rooted to the ground with horror. About forty steps off, a man with uncovered head sat in the moonlight near a thicket. He was pressing both hands to his face, and moaning as he rocked himself from right to left, "O my God, my God!" Then he fell flat on his back, and his hands dropped powerless at his sides.

The moonlight shone out more clearly, and Novak recognized Zinka. A few steps, without considering whether he was in danger or not, and he knelt on the grass by his side. In a stifled voice, Zinka was whispering to himself, "Jesus, Maria, Joseph!" that cry of the peasant in his moments of agony.

Suddenly Novak remembered his wonted caution of a poacher. Quickly passing his left arm beneath Zinka's knees, and his right around his shoulders, he lifted him and ran with him to the woods. There he laid him down again upon the moss and asked him,—

"Where are you wounded?"

"On the right side, in the ribs," whispered Zinka, and added, "Nothing has happened to the rest of you, please God!"

After a time he whispered, pressing his hand to his breast, "I shan't live; they have settled me."

Novak put his thick, swollen hands to his lips and imitated the cry of an owl, "Tu-whoo, tu-whoo!"

Bending down again over the wounded man, he took out of his pocket a well-corked bottle, opened it, and said,—

"Taste a little powder, mate. It will drive out the sting."

Zinka took the bottle in his weak left hand, lifted it to his mouth, and poured on his tongue a few grains of gunpowder, rolled them in his mouth for a few moments, and swallowed them. That is with the Bohemian poachers a favorite preventative against the evil consequences of a wound.

"It is no good," whispered Zinka. With a sad smile he went on, "The shot has gone into my lungs." And, as he spoke, he coughed, and the blood ran out of his mouth.

Again Novak imitated the hoot of an owl, and this time the cry was answered from a short distance. The boughs of the pines rustled, and presently Skokan appeared, pushing his way through the underwood.

"Zinka has received the whole charge in his lungs," Novak whispered into Skokan's ear. "It seems to me they have finished him."

Skokan bent over Zinka, saying, "It's I, mate, Skokan."

Zinka, feeling with his left hand in the dark, touched Skokan's face. It was the touch of a hand of ice, and he spoke disjointedly.

"Mate—you're alive—please God—forgive—for Tommy's sake—only child—fourteen years—the gauntlet—"

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He could say no more. There was a dull, rattling sound in his throat. Skokan could find no meaning in his words. Leaning towards Novak, he whispered, "He does not know what he is saying; he is delirious. Spread out the nets and we will take him home."

They spread out the nets, taking them from their necks and laying them out one above the other on the grass. Opening them to half their breadth, they laid the helpless Zinka in them, lifted up the ends of the nets, and proceeded into the depth of the wood. There they found a narrow path which wound like a snake. Many a time had they taken their way along it, bending under the weight of the fish they had stolen. Five times they had led or carried home a wounded comrade.

Zinka half lay and half sat in the net. Now and then he sighed, and the rattling sound was audible in his throat. They proceeded thus for half an hour through the thickest part of the wood, where the rays of the moon were unable to pierce the branches, though she shone now brightly. Presently, again, Zinka began to murmur some unintelligible words.

"Keep quiet, mate," said Skokan. "You'll be all right presently."

It seemed that Zinka heard, for he remained still. The poachers hastened as much as they could. At last a light appeared before them, and after a little while they were on the edge of the wood. The moon shone down clearly with her soft light, the wind had dropped, and the sky was cloudless.

Where the path joined the road they laid down their burden on the soft, fresh grass, moistened with dew. The moonlight fell straight on Zinka's face. It was as white as linen. A face carved in ivory might have looked so. With a sudden start Skokan put his hand to the pale cheek. It was cold as ice, stiff and stark. In the glassy eye, that seemed to start from its socket, the dim moonlight reflected itself glitteringly.

"Jesus, Maria! it's all up with him," exclaimed Skokan.

Starting up, Novak caught his hair with both his hands, as if he would with a single wrench tear it from his skull.

"The woman and the lad will go mad," said Novak. He was silent for a moment, and then asked, more as if speaking to himself than to his mate, "But how did the gamekeepers guess that we were going to-night?" He stopped, and continued, in a cautious voice, almost as if he feared lest the dead man should hear his

words: "Skokan, what Frantishka said was true, then."

"I thought of that, mate, too, but—God knows," said Skokan, as if loth to judge the dead man.

"You are the stronger," said Skokan. "Carry him home. 'Tis not far. I will go in front and tell his wife that there has been an accident."

He rose from the ground as he spoke and limped away.

Novak drew together the four corners of the net with both his hands, knelt down by the corpse, and then, turning away from it, drew it up upon his back, rose, balanced himself, and proceeded with his burden along the lane. On his right the head and one hand of the dead man hung out of the net. On the other side jogged a wet, naked foot. And at the same time, in the dim depths of the wood, sounded the melodious song of the thrush welcoming the approaching dawn.

He was soon in sight of the cottages. Already a fire had been lighted in one of them. Towards that he directed his steps. Some dogs, barking wildly, ran out to meet him, then, recognizing him, were silent, and sniffed at his burden. From the cottage Skokan came out to meet him, and they both of them took the dead man in their arms.

"They think he is only wounded," whispered Skokan hurriedly.

A woman, half dressed, barefooted, and with her hair in wild disorder, followed almost at Skokan's heels. It was Zinka's wife. She had her son with her, and from the lips of both of them broke the wild, heart-piercing peasant cry, "Jesus, Maria, Joseph!"

The wailing son helped the poachers to carry his father.

"I always told him it would end like this one day," said the woman. And calling him "Joseph, Joseph!" she put down her hand to his face.

In an instant she drew it back.

"The five wounds of the Lord Christ! he is as cold as ice!"

The poachers carried their mate into the little room, where the flickering, restless flame of the resinous pine danced on the hearth. They laid him on a bed. A single look at the glassy eyes, in which now the red flame of the pine wood pictured itself, sparkling and glistening, as the moonlight had done in the road, and woman and boy, as if a flash of lightning had struck them to the earth, fell on their knees beside the bed, in wild, harsh tones, shrieking, rather than crying, "Jesus,

Maria! Jesus, Maria!" Then a wailing without words, broken and piercing, filled the little chamber.

The two poachers stood by the hearth looking now at their dead companion, now at the weeping wife, now at the sobbing son. The same gloomy thought haunted them both. Perhaps some dark night their end would be the same. The minutes passed. The grey light crept into the room. Skokan turned his face towards the hearth, and looked thoughtfully at the sinking flames. Then he put on another pine log. The fire took fresh life, and burned up again. Again the dogs barked. Slow steps came across the yard, and Jarosh walked into the room. Unable to find his mates, he had returned home, and seeing the light had come to Zinka's cottage.

The woman and the youth did not notice him. With a few signs and half-a-dozen words his mates enlightened him as to what had happened. Then for a while they took counsel softly. After that Novak and Jarosh went away.

Skokan sat down on the bench by the hearth. The pine-log flames, flickering restlessly, flared up and fell, and in their shifting light it seemed to Skokan that the face of the dead man smiled coldly, and then again was contorted with pain.

In half an hour Jarosh returned, having changed his clothes. He sat down in Skokan's place by the hearth. Skokan limped home. The eastern sky was colored with the red light of the dawn. Jarosh, sitting down at the hearth, took a coal with which he lighted the tobacco in his short, wooden pipe, and smoked, gazing pensively at the blue clouds which he blew from his lips.

The wife and boy had wept all the tears out of their weary eyes, but they were still crouched by the bed, sobbing plaintively. Little suspicion had the son that he was the occasion of his father's death! In an hour or so it was known in all the cottages that Zinka was dead, shot, it was whispered. And the women said, "That's how my man will end one of these days. I'm always telling him so."

The bailiff was in his office, engaged in looking over his accounts, when the forester came in with the news.

"Well, we've got rid, at last, of that limping, poaching beast, Skokan. One of the gamekeepers finished him off with a shot."

"Then Zinka did not deceive us," said the bailiff coolly. "We will save his son from being enlisted."

The subject was soon dropped, and they talked of something else. Presently some one came in at the door, and they turned to see who it was. Pale as ghosts, the bailiff and the forester stood staring as if they had been turned into stone. On the other side of the table at which the rents were paid, putting down his silver florins, stood — Skokan.

The cunning old fox, in order to give an impression that he had no knowledge at all of what had taken place the previous night, had limped up coolly and humbly to pay his rent. His experienced eye saw that there was something amiss, but he had no suspicion of the truth. For a moment the bailiff and the forester believed they saw a ghost.

"I humbly kiss your honor's hand," he said, bending his back in an awkward bow. "I came to pay the rent and the tax," and, turning his rough hat in his hands, he looked down at the floor.

The bailiff wrote the receipt in his book, and Skokan, carefully placing it in the pocket of his shabby, knitted jersey, once more bowed, and repeating, "I kiss your honor's hands," left the office.

The bailiff turned to the forester.

"The cursed thief!" said the latter, "I myself saw him fall, when the man shot at him. He must have thrown himself down on purpose to make us think that we had hit him. We'll have him some day."

Later in the day the country doctor came in. He had been sent for, he said, to see the dead body of Joseph Zinka, a peasant, who had died of a gunshot the previous night. He had his foot wounded, too, apparently from having trodden on something sharp. The bailiff and the forester exchanged a glance.

"He is no great loss," said the forester, when the doctor was gone. "A thief and poacher."

As the doctor had been called in, a sort of inquest was set on foot. The bailiff was foremost in it, and that very day went down to question Zinka's wife, but could ascertain nothing, except that Zinka had come home in the night, from somewhere, wounded, and had soon afterwards died. And that was all that ever came out. On the fourth day the man was buried, and the reports of the investigations lie somewhere covered with dust and mould.

Zinka, however, had saved his son. The lad was now his mother's only support, and so exempt. He kept away from poaching, too, warned by his father's death.

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by the fate of their mate, abstained for a few weeks from the count's fish-ponds. But the impression of the grisly adventure gradually became weaker, and after a time their old passion for poaching gained the victory, and they went back to the mere just as if nothing had happened.

Two years afterwards, Skokan disappeared. In the autumn, a fleshless skeleton was found at the bottom of one of the big meres, and it was generally supposed to be the remains of the limping poacher.

Novak and Jarosh knew that it was so. They had seen the shot fired at Skokan standing up to his armpits in the water. The two surviving poachers, when they were old, were rheumatic, the consequence of the frequent wading at night in the icy meres, and the wandering home in wet clothes through the freezing morning mists to their distant homes. Bent double, and scarcely able to move their joints, the old sinners, unable any longer to poach on a large scale, would betake themselves to the neighboring streams, and catch small fish with a rod, and meanwhile narrate to each other the great catches of the days of their youth. Sitting on the bank under the shadow of the willows, watching with their dim eyes the float dancing in the water, they talked of their former mates who were now gone "there." They reminded each other of how they had come to go "there," and if ever Zinka and his fate came into their memories, they shook their heads remarking that "there was some hitch in it that time."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ELIZABETH OF VALOIS AND THE TRAGEDY OF DON CARLOS.

OUR last number* contained the record of a night of brilliant festivities, but here commences the dark tragedy—the gloomiest episode in the history of Spain, the land of romance, dark legend, and mournful song. Now a shadow was to be cast over the queen's young life from which it was never to be lifted, and which in the minds of a few has dimmed the brightness of her fame. For some time past negotiations had been carried on with a view to the marriage of Don Carlos with Anne, the daughter of the emperor Maximilian. This was purely a political question, and where there is no affection on either side, and the interest is simply

dynastic, marriage arrangements are not quickly concluded, much more so when all the feelings of one party are centred on another object. Don Carlos did all in his power to thwart the negotiations; and while doing so, he did not care to conceal the twofold passions which were raging in his bosom,—the love which he bore to the queen, and the hatred he bore to his father, who, he felt, had robbed him of so much love and loveliness.

Don Carlos was not the insufferable being he has been painted by his enemies, nor had he the princely, chivalrous nature of his glorious grandsire; while the virtues and merits with which he was endowed by the pity and sympathy of Isabella were entirely wanting. He was violent, ambitious, unruly, without any filial affection, but he was the victim of misdirected education. Charles V., after his grandson passed some time with the emperor at Valladolid and Yuste, had no mean opinion of his merits. He was generous and charitable, asking always, "Who would give if princes did not?" and he was much loved by all those who were attached to his service; but his persistency of nature—the obstinacy with which he held to his own opinions, however satisfactory on occasion, when the views he held were noble and honorable—was fraught with danger in the ordinary relations of life, for he would listen to no reason and brooked no control. He might have become under happier circumstances a worthy representative of his illustrious grandsire. "The free-will of the parent is the destiny of the child;" and the free-will of the parent in his case had been fraught with evil to the son. Nor had he a mother to cherish, guide, and plead for him. She who had now replaced the mother carefully concealed any mark of interest in him. His qualities of frankness and generosity gained him many "summer friends," but these were of little avail in the winter of his sorrows. His very frankness of nature was against him; he had no concealments, or power of self-restraint. Thus it was that he publicly avowed his hatred of his father, and he extended his aversion to the large circle of the king's courtiers—in fact, to the majority of the court. Thus, when the crisis of his fate arrived, he had not one friend on whom he could rely; and when

The Sovereign frowned, the train of State
Watched the keen glance, and marked the
signs to hate,—

there were then none to plead for him.

* LIVING AGE, No. 2347.

There was no attempt to palliate his conduct, repugnant as it was not only to his duty to his father, but to the government and to the country.

It should be remembered that, notwithstanding the despotic power of the sovereign, there was in Spain a strong love of independence and privilege, and great awe of religious obligation, with a strict observance of form only second to religion. All the etiquettes were violated by the prince, to the infinite disgust of the court. Yet, notwithstanding his defects, the poets and dramatists have freely used the license they consider themselves entitled to, and have endowed him with the noblest qualities. Alfieri has indeed overstrained the poetic imagination, when he makes the queen, in the opening scene of his "Filippo," speaks of the prince as

Ardito umano cor, nobil fiera,
Sublime ingegno, e in avvenenti spoglie
Bellissim' alma, ah! perché tal ti fero
Natura e il cielo . . .
. . . Ma chi e vede e non l' ama.

At once and without any scruples the affection of the queen for this ill-conditioned boy (for Don Carlos was little more than a boy) is assumed by all the sensational writers — for nearly every European language owes a play or romance to the subject of the loves of Don Carlos and Isabella. And in the construction of this romance, history and the highest authorities have been ignored.

However disliked and feared by the court, no one presumed to interfere with or control the heir-apparent. Even the king, keenly sensitive at the outrages committed by the prince, would have considered his royal dignity violated by any want of respect shown to his son, as the result of his wild eccentricities and reckless violence. Unhappily, as time advanced, the instances of his brutality became more frequent. The Cardinal Spinosa, one of the *préfets* of the city, found it necessary to expel an actress, a favorite of the prince's, who, when he met the cardinal, nearly tore his episcopal vestments from his shoulder, exclaiming, "You wretched priest! do you presume to interfere between my favorites and myself? by the life of my father, I will kill you!" The bystanders had to forget the rules of etiquette, and drag the prince's victim from him, or the threat would certainly have been carried out. Nor was his violence limited to his subordinates; he even raised his hand against his aunt, the queen of Bohemia, because she

ordered a member of his suite to be punished, without having referred the offence to him. One of his own gentlemen, Alonzo de Cordova, he ordered to be thrown out of the window, when on an important occasion he was not to be found on his services being required. If any one offended him, he commanded the house in which the offender dwelt to be razed to the ground. Many of these stories may be exaggerations, having only some slight foundation in fact; but after every allowance is made for court gossip and scandal, it is quite impossible to imagine that even had a high sense of duty been wanting, any sweet and gentle nature such as Elizabeth's could feel for his repulsive character any more than a humane pity for his manifold imperfections. Apart from the sacred tie which bound her to the king, she, like others, must have preferred the cold, phlegmatic, stern, and gloomy father to the vicious, violent, cruel-natured son.

It was in 1565 that the growing ill-feeling between the king and the prince became matter of notoriety. At that time the king intended to visit Flanders, and instead of being accompanied by Don Carlos, which was the prince's anxious wish, he was to be left in Madrid. This became the cause of deep irritation, and his anger found vent in excesses which kept the court in a state of alarm, and produced the worst possible effect on the king. M. Fourquevault writes to Catherine de Medici: "Vous pouvez croire, madame, qu'il y a une merveilleuse indignation et mauvais sentiment entre le Roi Catholique et le roi son fils, et si le père hait le fils, le fils ne fait pas moins de sort que si ne remède se trouve en pourra s'en venir un grand douleur, mais de tant que le dict fils hait le père de tant augmente son affection pour la reine, car c'est en elle qu'il a tout son secours, et sa Majesté est si sage qu'elle se gouverne discrètement auprès du mari et du beau-fils."

And now the most dark and evil passage in Philip's dark and evil life occurred. Ever mysterious in his gloomy counsels, he was thus far consistent that he worked for the basest objects by basest means. His own observation, and the knowledge of the prince's proceedings through the espionage of the obsequious courtiers, did not suffice for him. Treachery and deceit were now used to furnish evidence against the prince. It was not difficult to find ready instruments for carrying out these evil designs. There were at Philip's court many in high places who, under the

most dignified and stately demeanor, were well fitted for crafty purposes. But it is surprising that mean and unworthy qualities could exist in the breast of those who were regarded as the very type of chivalry. There were two illustrious personages whose conduct towards Don Carlos was mean and unworthy. Fernando Duke of Alva, the great captain of the age, the munificent patron of literature and art, who, terrible in war, still loved all that was beautiful in nature, and embellished his noble palace at Termes,

En la ribere verde y delectyosa
Del sacro Termes dulce y claro rio,

with every grace and refinement which taste could devise and fortune command — it is hard to believe that such a gifted nature could from lower motives embitter the feelings of the father towards the son. The Duke of Alva, however, was never in the confidence of the prince. But it is incredible that one most illustrious, where so many were illustrious — the bravest, where so many were brave — could be guilty of the basest treachery. Don John of Austria (for Philip's instrument was no less a personage than his gallant brother) was at this time the observed of all observers. He represented, in appearance and character, the highest type of a Spanish gentleman, and a Spanish gentleman represented the highest type of chivalry.

Great must have been the influence of courtly favor, and deep the homage paid the sovereign, when it could betray a nature so noble as Don John's, and lead him into a course of meanness and subserviency to the king, who acted on the principle that the end justifies the means, and that kings are superior not only to the laws of the land, but to the laws of honor. That Philip was capable of any conduct, however unworthy, was only to be expected; but that he should have found a ready instrument of his treachery in Don John is surprising. It is sad to say that it was not in vain that Don John was instructed to invite the fullest confidence from his nephew, and to contract the warmest friendship with him; to pretend to enter into any schemes he might have formed against the royal authority, and to inform the king daily of any secret intrusted to him; in fact, to apply all his noblest and best qualities to the basest object.

Don John's was not a difficult part to play. The weak, passionate, despised, rejected prince yearned for sympathy, and attached himself to any one who showed an

interest in him. This sympathy and interest, when felt by the queen, little availed him, and the prince turned to Don John as the friend on whom he could rely — the one true, loyal heart among the crowd of faithless and fickle courtiers. Although Don John stood in the relation of uncle to Don Carlos, there was not a great difference in their ages, and from the first, when the uncle was received as one of the family, they lived together as brothers. Thus Don John's claim on Don Carlos's confidence was at once admitted. It is fair to assume that in the first instance the affection shown by Don John was genuine; but his ambition was great, and he felt that its gratification was dependent on the royal power and will. Hence he lent a favorable ear to the king's persuasions, and assented to carry out the king's degrading instructions by pretending to sympathize with the prince in all his expressions of resentment at his treatment by his father, and he even joined the small body of malcontents who adhered to Don Carlos, and entered into all their projects. Don Carlos confided to his willing ears that he regarded his father as his greatest enemy, who treated him as a slave; that he was not allowed any part in the government; that he had no occupation — no interest was given him in life. Like the dauphin in "Louis XI.," he might have said of his father: —

Depuis l'enfance
Il me laisse loin de lui languir dans l'ignorance.
Je ne suis plus libre; et dès que je m'éveille,
D'un regard inquiet je vois qu'on me surveille.

But he added that he was resolved to be released from this state of bondage, and was fully prepared to join the Huguenot party in Flanders, who were at that time in open insurrection. He, moreover, confided to Don John that he was actually in correspondence with the insurgents; that he had long been a friend of their chief's, and was made acquainted with all their plans. It was about this time that the Count d'Egmont, the Marquis de Bergues, and the Baron de Montigny, arrived at Madrid, as a deputation from the revolted provinces. Don Carlos, with his uncle's knowledge, if not by his advice, put himself in communication with them, and gave them assurances of his sympathy and support. The prince had previously written to Count d'Egmont: —

If my father's sentiments were not as alien to mine as my affections are towards him, it is certain that the nobility of the Netherlands

would enjoy a repose which they can never hope to attain during the life of a King to whom they are objects of hatred, nor under a Government that is based on the most odious tyranny. I only wish that my desires could be accomplished, but insurmountable obstacles are opposed to their realization. My views, if carried out, would confer blessings on the Netherlands. All I can do for the present is to advise them to place no confidence in the Duke d'Alva, for his only desire is to see the whole country given up to him, and to ruin all the great nobility.

This letter was found amongst the papers of the Count d'Egmont after his arrest, and it was immediately sent to Philip. There was another accidental but very unfortunate circumstance connected with Count d'Egmont. After the count's return to Flanders, he sent the prince a present of a horse of great value and beauty, but very high-spirited. The prince, despite of all entreaties, determined to mount him at once. The horse took fright, ran away, his rider was thrown and lay insensible. When the prince revived, thinking he was dying, he sent the Marquis de Rosa with his final adieux to the queen. She wrote him a most touching letter full of affection and sorrow, which letter, Don Carlos said, "restored him to life;" and the words were reported to the king.

The expression of Don Carlos's feelings against the Duke d'Alva's conduct in Flanders, where his great authority and influence with the king were so well known, was very rash; but still more imprudent was it for him to show his mistrust and dislike of Ruy Gomez, Philip's most confidential friend and adviser. He was even overheard to say that, next to the king's, Ruy Gomez's was the head that should be brought low.

When all this came to the king's knowledge his resentment knew no bounds, nor did he attempt to conceal it. The court was in a state of consternation, for they well understood it, and had too frequently witnessed the results of Philip's cruel, vindictive, callous nature.

Every act of Don Carlos, every communication that passed between him and the Flemish insurgents, was known. The prince confided to Don John a plan that he had formed for leaving Madrid, with the full intention at placing himself at the head of the great popular movement; and there is little question that had the heir to the throne publicly espoused the national party, even the authority and master-spirit of Alva would have been overcome. Don Carlos indulged the hope that his friend

Don John would unite with him in this treasonable enterprise. Thus was the net spread for the reckless prince, who was the only person in the court who did not perceive the signs of danger that menaced him. It is wonderful that he failed to observe the visible indications of his father's daily increasing aversion to him, for the king publicly displayed his regard for Don John and indifference for the prince. At last one of the courtiers of a more generous temper disclosed to the prince the treachery of his friend and companion. The ambassador writes: "Le prince crois que Don Juan a descellée au roy tous les secrets du dict prince lequel roy dict qu'il montera, quarante causes et raisons qui le contraignent d'en agir sévèrement."

But the prince had a worse enemy even than Don John in the princess Eboli, the astute and intriguing wife of Ruy Gomez. Her duplicity and treachery took a wider range than the ruin of the prince. She hoped to involve in the same catastrophe, not only Don Carlos but the young queen. The princess was a woman "qui ne se connaissait qu'en amour." She could not realize such nobility of nature as Isabella's. The too evident sentiment of Don Carlos for his stepmother she fully believed was reciprocated. Kind and good natures can imagine no ill; mean and perverse natures cannot realize the excellence of others. The Princess Eboli was of that ambitious nature that could brook no rival in that influence which she had exercised over the king until his marriage with Isabella; and she had another powerful reason for desiring the prince's destruction. The prince so openly expressed his dislike of Ruy Gomez, that it was certain the succession of the prince would have been followed by the minister's fall. The influence of this remarkable woman over the king was very great. Anna de Mendoza, the only daughter of the Count de Melito, born in 1540, was married as early as 1553 to Ruy Gomez Silva. She is reported to have been of exceptional beauty in spite of a squint, and she had the gift of gaining the sympathy of those whom she cared to attach. The king's affections were soon won by her. On the occasion of the proposed visit of the king to the Netherlands which aroused so much indignation in the mind of Don Carlos, the Princess Eboli was one of the few persons selected to accompany the king. This attachment of the king's was fatal, not only to Don Carlos but to Antonio Perez, who was one of her admirers,

and who spoke of her as "une perle de femme enchassée de rares fleurs de beauté et de fortune." It may be mentioned that she was later involved in the ruin of Antonio Perez, as indeed she was one of the causes of his disgrace.

The princess lost no opportunity of awakening a jealous feeling in the mind of the king. St. Réal talks of the incessant insinuations and denunciations which were calculated to weaken the confidence even of a confiding nature. The best thing that can be said of Philip was, that his affection for Isabella was proof against these insinuations; but he was not the less irritated at the too manifest affection of the son for his stepmother, nor would this be excused by the consciousness of the injustice done the son when the father robbed him of his bride.

It likes me not to bear reproaches,
Because I know I merit them so greatly,

may have been the king's sentiment. There can be little doubt that the treaty of Château Cambresis had its influence even unknown to the king — for who can tell his secret motives, or admit them to himself? But without any private reasons, on public grounds, the king had quite enough cause for just anger, and the prince was soon to feel the gravity of his position.

It was on the 27th December, 1568, that Don Carlos went to the monastery of Saint Jérôme, situated outside Madrid, near the Buen-Retiro, to confess and receive the sacrament. When he told his confessor that he had a mortal hatred to "some one," the priest refused him absolution. Don Carlos insisted, "I will have absolution. My father, you must decide immediately," he said. "Your Highness should consult the Church authorities," was the confessor's reply. Don Carlos sent for the priests of the monastery of Atocha. These were fourteen in number, and were all opposed to granting any absolution while he possessed this mortal hatred. As he failed to convince them, he asked them to give him next day in public an unconsecrated wafer, that he might seem to the people to have communicated. They unanimously declared that this would be sacrilege. The prior of Atocha then took the prince aside, and asked him of what rank was the person he so hated. "Of very high rank," was the reply. The prior said that if the person was named, it might be possible to find some means of reconciling him with the Church. He then con-

fessed it was his own father against whom he entertained these sentiments. After this avowal the consultation with the monks lasted until two in the morning, when the prince retired without having received absolution.

Having thus betrayed his feeling against his father, Don Carlos felt that he had placed himself in a position of great danger, and was more urgent than ever to leave Spain. His plan was to go to Italy and thence to the Netherlands, where his arrival was anxiously expected. Sismondi says: "Il pensait aller à Gènes, et étant arrivé en Italie, sommer et contraindre sa Majesté Catholique de lui accorder certains articles hors de toute raison." It was the repetition of the conduct of Louis XI. when dauphin, who fled into Burgundy to get rid of the parental authority, and there remained until the death of Charles VII. But the case of Don Carlos was far less defensible, for he intended to aid and abet those who, however justified in their revolt, were in arms against his father. To put his plans into execution, the prince now required a much larger sum of money than he had anticipated, and this was difficult to obtain — his credit was ruined in Madrid. He sent his gentlemen to the great cities, Medina del Campo, Valladolid, Burgos, to borrow money from the wealthy citizens at most usurious interest, but a few thousand ducats were all they were able to collect. He at last sent letters of credit in blank, to be filled up for any sum the lender chose to insert. Osorio, his confidential messenger, was given full powers to sign for any amount. But these negotiations failed. The only person who made him any considerable advance was his barber, Ruy Diaz de Mintanella, who in his subsequent examination stated: "I lent his Highness two hundred crowns of gold. The first hundred was one evening when he took them with him to the apartment of the queen to play at *calvo*. When his Highness left the palace he had lost all his money. The next day I advanced another hundred crowns in gold," and this is the money found on the person of the prince at the time of his arrest.

Philip left Madrid for the Escorial on the 20th December, and Don Carlos hastened the preparations for his own departure. He was so unwise as to invite some of the nobles to accompany him in what he described as a voyage of importance. A few, such as the Duc de Sesa and the Duc de Medina Sidonia, pretended to enter into his plans. Others, such as the

admiral of Castile, sent the invitation to the king. The prince also drew up a document expressing his grievances against the king, and explaining that he exiled himself because his life at home was intolerable (not a word of his intention to visit the Netherlands). Copies of this paper were to be sent after his departure to the king, the pope, the emperor, and other sovereigns. He then sent for the master of the posts, and ordered horses to be in readiness on a certain day and hour, and relays forwarded on the road to Italy. When everything was arranged, he went to Don John and entreated him to join in this expedition. "You cannot trust the king," he urged; "come with me, and later I will give you the sovereignty of Naples or Milan."

Don John, when he saw that Don Carlos was serious in his intention to carry out his dangerous projects, used every argument to dissuade him. He truly urged the difficulties and perils of the course he was pursuing, but all in vain, — Don Carlos only became very violent. He would listen to no reason; he began even to threaten Don John, who saw it was hopeless, and it ended in Don John asking twenty-four hours for reflection.

During this delay he determined his final course of action. The next morning he sent to tell Don Carlos that he had been suddenly summoned to the Escorial, and rode there at once to inform the king of all Don Carlos's plans and arrangements.

We can picture the royal recluse wandering in the cloisters of the gloomy monastery, or kneeling by the tomb of the illustrious dead, and invoking a blessing on deeds at which mercy shuddered; we see the sad, solemn countenance "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" — those cold, marble features which never brightened into joy. The sceptred friar with the grey eyes and callous heart was the fitting tenant of the lonely monastery, rarely warmed by the sun's rays. The Escorial has been well described as a solitude where the silence is only broken by the breeze as it moans through the overhanging pine forest, by the tinkling bell and choral chant of the chapel, by the tread of some white-stoled monk as he glides through the deserted cloisters. The monks of St. Jérôme had been summoned there to discuss weighty matters of Church and State: of Church, to make all arrangements for the due celebration of our Saviour's birth, for peace on earth and good will towards man; of State, to decide on the most momentous question

of State that was ever deliberated — whether a father was justified in judging and sentencing his son?

The information given him by Don John of the detailed arrangements Don Carlos had made for his flight aggravated the feelings of hatred and animosity against the prince which filled the heart of the melancholy king; and when, subsequently, the prior of Atocha told him what had passed between the prince and the monks, when Don Carlos asked for absolution, the king no longer hesitated.

A more solemn, awful council than that which met in the presence-chamber of this funeral pile can rarely have assembled. It was composed of Diego d'Espinosa, the Prince d'Eboli, the Duc de Feria; the prior, Don Antonio de Toledo; and the doctor, Martin de Velasco. Over this council the king presided. It was not the first time that the conduct of the prince had formed the subject of grave consideration, but never under such provocation as the king had now received. It augured ill for Don Carlos that his father, during his seclusion in the Escorial, had been more than usually attentive to his religious observances. He was present at the consecration of a chapel presented to the fathers of Saint Jérôme, and he attended the ceremony of the novitiate of a young priest; he ordered prayers to be said in all the churches to invoke a blessing on the deliberations of the council then sitting at the Escorial. All these circumstances led to the expectation of some great State event, and at last the prince realized his dangerous position.

Louis de Foix, a French engineer, was one of the builders of the Escorial. Don Carlos sent for him, and together they invented a plan by which Don Carlos was able to open or close the door of his room without leaving his bed. He had a table by his bedside on which loaded firearms and other weapons of defence were placed. By the rules of Spanish etiquette, one of the gentlemen of the court had to sleep in the room of the heir-apparent, but Don Carlos had from the first resisted this regulation. All this was well known to the king, when he arrived in Madrid after the council. On the 17th of January the king returned to Madrid, accompanied by Don John and the prior, Don Antonio de Toledo. When Don Carlos was aware of this, he sent for Don John and the prior to meet him secretly, which, with the king's permission, they consented to. The prince was much concerned to know how the king had viewed his absence from all the

religious ceremonies, and they said that his Majesty had expressed great displeasure, but they knew nothing more, and then left him.

The king, as usual, immediately after his arrival at the palace, went to the queen's apartment, when Don Carlos entered to compliment him on his return. The attitude of the prince was full of respect; the king showed neither anger nor dissatisfaction. Such a master of dissimulation was Philip, that when the French ambassador, Fourquevault, saw him the same day, he could discern no indications whatever of irritation or of grave design, and this although within a few hours a deed was to be done which filled all Europe with astonishment and awe.

When Don Carlos left the king, he met Don John, and passed two hours in consultation with his uncle, still placing implicit confidence in his betrayer, who seems to have mastered the art of duplicity taught him by his sovereign and brother. It is related in a work named "*Relacion del Ayuda de Camera*," that when he found Don John disinclined to enter into his plans, and that he was reticent about all that had passed at the Escorial, Don Carlos was roused to a pitch of uncontrollable passion, and drew his sword. Don John stepped back to the door, when the prince pressed upon him. Don John then armed himself, and said, "Not another step, your Highness." The officers outside, overhearing the heated discussion, burst into the room, and enabled Don John to retire. After this scene Don Carlos lost not a moment in summoning the *correo mayor*, the grand master of the posts. He ordered eight pairs of horses to be ready the next day, and relays to be sent on the road to Genoa; and then, to avoid any further interview with the king, he said he was unwell, and retired to his room at six o'clock. He partook of a slight dinner, having eaten nothing all day, and afterwards went early to bed.

The king, after an interview with the French ambassador, attended high mass, to which the public were admitted. There was no sign of agitation or uneasiness in his countenance or manner. Calm, composed, the strict decorum of his manner never for a moment indicated any inward disturbance; but it was remarked that after the mass the president Espinosa was a long time closeted with the king.

The king was kept informed of every movement of his son. When he heard that he had retired to his bedroom, he at

once put his plan into execution. At eleven o'clock that night he sent for Ruy Gomez, the Duc de Fera, the prior Don Antonio, and Luis Migado. Again there was a renewal of the confidential consultation. So momentous was the issue, that the king hesitated at the moment of action. At length he spoke, a writer says, "*Comme jamais nul homme ne parla*,"—in what sense we are left to surmise; he then sent for two gentlemen of his chamber, Don Pedro Manuel and Don Diego de Acuña, and went to the apartment of the prince. He was joined on the way by an officer and twelve soldiers of the body-guard, who were provided with hammers and nails. The Duc de Fera headed the procession, carrying a torch. The king was in full armor, and walked with his hand on the hilt of his sword. He wore his helmet with his visor down. Strange and solemn the procession must have seemed, as it passed through the gloomy corridors of the palace.

The engineer Foix, the same Don Carlos had employed to make the fastenings of his door, had betrayed the prince, and, in fulfilment of the king's orders, rendered them all useless, so that there was no disturbance as they entered the prince's room. The king remained in the ante-room, while the ministers seized the various arms which were placed on a table close to the prince, who awoke at the noise, and searched in vain for his weapons. "Who dare enter my apartment?" he exclaimed. "The Council of State," was the reply. The prince seized the arm of the nearest of the ministers. When the king appeared—"My father!" exclaimed Don Carlos, "has your Majesty come to kill me?" "You will know my will in time," was the cold reply. The king then ordered all the windows to be nailed up, and iron bars to be fitted outside. The weapons of every description were removed, and then the closest search was made for papers. A casket full of letters was found carefully concealed, and in a separate place was a programme drawn up of the course which he intended to pursue when once he had escaped; a list of the friends he thought he could rely on, and of those he desired to destroy. It is terrible to record,—at the head of the latter was the king; then Ruy Gomez, the Duke d'Alva, and the president Espinosa. Queen Isabella's name stood first on the list of friends, and terms of endearment were added to her name. Then followed Don John, his very dear and much-loved uncle, and others of less importance.

It was a fearful and solemn scene. How far Philip's feelings were affected by finding his name first on the list of the doomed if his son's rebellion had ever been successful, none can say — such was the king's self-command — but the prince was in a state of great alarm. He threw himself at his father's feet, and prayed that he might be killed rather than condemned to prison. "If your Majesty will not kill me, I will kill myself." The prince, saying this, endeavored to throw himself into the fire, but was prevented by Don Antonio. "This is the act of a madman," said the king. "I am no madman, but have been driven to despair by your Majesty's ill-treatment of me." "You will no longer be treated by me as my son, but as my subject," was the king's ominous reply.

The king then ordered the prince to dress himself in mourning. Six gentlemen were named, of whom Ruy Gomez, the prince's especial aversion, was the chief, who were never to lose sight of the prince. He was to be treated in all respects as a criminal impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors, of treason against his sovereign and the State.

When this sad event became known, the greatest excitement prevailed in the city. Not all the awe, and even terror, with which the king was regarded, — not the stern decorum and habits of submission to the sovereign, regarded as the emblem of divine authority, — could stay the murmurs of indignation, which were not even confined to the public places; even among the obsequious courtiers there were indications of grave disapproval and uneasiness. If the heir to the throne was treated with this severity, what might not the favored courtier expect if he gave any cause of offence?

Fourquevault wrote immediately to the queen-mother: —

This, Madam, is a terrible event, as father and son are engaged in it. Nothing has transpired as to the cause of this catastrophe, except the report that the Prince was plotting his father's death, and intended to head a revolt; but as yet no one is rightly informed, not even the Queen, who is in great affliction — who mourns through affection for both, for the Prince is deeply attached to her. The news of this sad event will spread all over the world, so I hasten to inform your Majesty of it.*

* "La Roynne s'en passionne et en pleure pour l'amour de tous deux vu qu'aussi le Prince l'aime merveilleusement: jusques à ce que Roy lui a defandu les pleurs elle n'a cesse de pleurer deux jours la disgrâce de son beau-fils." (Fourquevault à Catharine de Medici, Janvier 19, 1568.)

That the queen was deeply affected at the treatment of the prince was widely known. She was always in tears, until the king hastily desired all such signs of grief should cease. She wrote a letter to the ambassador, which was intended for her mother's perusal, and most probably also for the perusal of the king.

MONSIEUR DE FOURQUEVAULT, — It was my desire to have informed you of everything connected with the Prince, but the grief which I feel for the King at finding himself constrained to treat his son with such severity has interfered with my intention. I may say that if the Prince were my own son, I could not feel greater sorrow. The King has commanded that I am not to write at any length, and meanwhile he desires you not to send any messenger to Paris, and no courier is to leave until the King gives permission.

ELIZABETH.

This, as has been seen, did not prevent the ambassador communicating with the queen-mother; but Isabella's letter has every appearance of being dictated by the king. If jealousy had any part in his conduct, it had to be carefully concealed, for the attention of the whole of Europe was certainly to be attracted to these proceedings, and the king was driven out of his cold judicial attitude to explain and justify his conduct.

Defying the stern orders of the king, many of the nobility appeared at court in deep mourning, among them Don John, who might indeed mourn over the result of his base and unworthy betrayal of his nephew. All Philip's efforts could not stay the excitement which was aroused; and to add to his anxiety he learned that his son's name was associated with that of the queen. He found it necessary to communicate with every court to announce the prince's arrest, and give some explanation of such an extraordinary act. His letter to the pope was the most explicit: —

VERY REVEREND FATHER, — No one is more devoted to, or preserves a more tender affection for, your Holiness than I do. I should not be acting in the spirit of this sentiment if I were not to inform your Holiness of my conduct towards my son, whom I have been compelled to arrest. I may trust that my conduct as a father and of a nature to which all violence is repugnant will testify in my favor, but I do not desire to rely only on those personal sentiments. I would therefore impress on your Holiness that nothing that could improve his character was omitted in the education of Don Carlos. He was under the guidance and tuition of the wisest and best personages. I had hoped he would feel the

responsibilities of his position without its anxieties; but the vicious nature of the Prince poisoned all the sources of good—the evil disposition grew with his years. At last his bad tendencies have become so notorious that concealment is no longer possible, and I have been compelled to imprison him. It has given agony to my paternal heart, but I have felt it my duty to make this sacrifice for the nation and for the faith. I am of your Holiness

THE HUMBLE SON.

The king found to his astonishment that the awe with which he was regarded, and the greatness of his empire, did not suffice to avert the condemnation of all classes. There was uneasiness and trouble in the air. He, the stern, all-powerful sovereign, did not venture to leave the capital, or even to move within its walls, unless surrounded by guards. The Escorial, Aranjuez, the Prado, knew him no more. Secluded in his palace, he could not prevent the opinions from without penetrating his halls. Catharine de Medici was roused to anger. Charles IX. for once expressed himself in a manner worthy of his race. "The imprisonment of the prince of Spain is the strangest event I have heard of. You may well imagine, monsieur the ambassador, how great displeasure this must give me. I deeply feel for all concerned in this unfortunate affair." But to all intercessions, all disapprovals, Philip was unmoved. The only effect was to hasten the final catastrophe.

We now arrive at the supreme moment when historians differ, and fable and romance advance their claims to the domain of history. The inquiry into all the circumstances of the prince's conduct was hurried on; and during that inquiry the king expressed the greatest solicitude for Don Carlos's religious sentiments, and his confessor never ceased to point out the importance of eternal things, and the nothingness of worldly objects. This, however, would not justify conclusions unfavorable to Philip, for after the prince's imprisonment he made repeated attempts on his life. On one occasion he threw himself into the fire, and was severely burned. He would have his bed covered with ice, and drink the coldest water throughout the night. It may be asked, When the prisoner was so carefully guarded, why were facilities afforded him for self-destruction?

All these attempts on his life failed, and every day that the prince remained a prisoner added to the difficulty of the king's position. After the deepest considera-

tion, having thus taken a step fraught with such momentous consequence, and aroused a universal feeling of blame (Philip was not of a nature likely to relent or admit his error), it was understood that the prince was to be tried; and this fact, coupled with the great anxiety Philip expressed that he should receive the sacrament of the Church, and that his confessor, Don Diegues de Chauves, was to be constantly in attendance, boded no good for the unhappy prisoner. Reports were sedulously circulated through Madrid that the prince was rapidly sinking; the public mind was prepared for his sudden death. It was this that gave rise to the accounts that have been so generally accepted by historians, of the murder of the son by the father. Some of them it may be well to recount, for they were currently believed at the time, although historical evidence has since cast great doubts on their authenticity.

Watson, a very fair, unprejudiced writer, settles the matter in a few lines. He says that the prince was put into the hands of the Inquisition as a dangerous heretic; and in one of the dungeons of the Holy Office he was given poison, and died in a few hours.

Saint Réal also believes in the poison, only that it was given in small quantities, that the prince might have full time for his religious observances; and that the king watched his son's gradual sinking, and delayed or accelerated the action of the poison as he deemed desirable.

In a work entitled "*Don Carlos condamné à Mort par son Père*," the author asserts, that after the prince was condemned to death, it was proposed to delay the execution until after the Feast of St. Jacques, which was to be kept the next day, and the king said "divine justice should never be delayed, and that he was pleased to think St. Jacques would witness so good a work."

Don Carlos, writes another, was strangled in his room by four slaves, who were permitted to insult him in his dying moments. Of all stories this is the most improbable. Philip was capable of great crimes, but was not likely to sanction any such outrage. If he murdered, he would never have humiliated, the heir to the throne.

De Thou endeavors to reconcile the different stories. "Don Carlos," he writes, "having made repeated attempts to commit suicide, Philip, feeling persuaded that he would succeed at last, thought that he would be justified in taking his life, at the

moment when he was in the best frame of mind to die. So, having communicated with the Holy Office, Don Carlos was, by the authority of the Church, given a poisoned bouillon, when he died in a few hours."

After dwelling, not without interest, on the romance of history and sensational stories, the sober and reasonable historians and actors in these events must be listened to. Fourquevault—and no keener observer resided at the court of Philip II.—and Florente, who was the most active opponent of the Inquisition and of the king's general policy, both exonerate the Holy Office and Philip from any part in the prince's death. The former writes to Catharine de Medici: "His Majesty is deeply distressed at the growing weakness of the prince, for he feels that his death may give rise to the most painful suspicions." And Florente concludes a long report with these words: "In sum, it is my full conviction that the death of Don Carlos was entirely owing to natural causes, and the prince himself never attributed his sufferings to any other." What, then, was the last scene of this short and troubled life?

No palaces or castles can retain the secrets of all that passes within their walls; and it is unfortunate for the memories of the great who dwell within them, that the historians who are the trustees of the reputations they transmit to posterity are rarely witnesses of the scenes which they describe. The greater the precautions taken to veil the mystery, the greater the anxiety to penetrate its folds and discover the impenetrable secrets. There are no special documents at Simancas which refer to the imprisonment of Don Carlos, and the circumstances attending it must be gathered from the archives of other countries. It was widely known that the prince was in a very feeble state, a feeling of general uneasiness prevailed, rumors of a sinister kind were not wanting, the gloom of the palace cast its shadow over the city, and sadness fell on all men's hearts, in sympathy with the tragic event passing within.

Whatever the cause, it was suddenly reported that the prince was dying, and that his nature had undergone an entire change. We read in a letter from Tisnacq to Viglius: "The poor prince, for days before his death, expressed himself on all occasions in the most holy and edifying manner. It would seem that the judgment which he had wanted in life had

been bestowed on him abundantly in his last hours." The Archbishop of Rossano says: "God bestowed all his richest gifts upon him as he was leaving this world." It was in the spirit of penitence that he asked to see the king, who had the cruelty to refuse his wish; neither would he permit the queen or any of the prince's personal servants to visit him. Not one kind message was sent to the dying son; but as the supreme moment drew near, after the last sacrament had been administered, it is recorded by many writers that the ruthless, relentless, heartless father was at the last so far softened, that, unseen by his son, he stretched forth his hands and blessed him.

The scene as described must indeed have been one to fill the mind with awe. The prince, born within the radiance of the light of his grandfather's glory,—he who was to be the inheritor of the vast empire and treasure, possessions won by the valor and sagacity of the greatest captain of any age—who gave promise in his early youth that he would not prove unworthy of his ancestral fame—who possessed abundant gifts which might, under happier circumstances, have produced excellent results,—he, the hero of romance and love, in almost the dawn of his life, was secluded in a darkened, iron-barred, and lonely apartment, surrounded by those whom he knew to be his worst enemies, and gasp by gasp was faltering forth his soul.

Low on his funeral couch he lies;
No pitying heart, no eye affords
A tear to grace his obsequies.

Yes; the historian asserts one eye was fixed upon him, but we may be well assured that eye was a tearless one; at the last solemn moment, standing behind the prior, Don Antonio, and Ruy Gomez, so as not to be seen from the bed, the king, it is recorded, stretched forth his hands and blessed his departing son.

Thy son is gone: he rests among the dead.

If magnificent obsequies, solemn functions, funeral orations, could satisfy the nation that its hope in the future, the heir to so much glory, had not been the victim of crime, or of cruel treatment akin to crime, these were not wanting. The prince was transported from the gloom of the prison to the glorious church of the Monastery of Saint Dominique. If the deed was one of darkness, its apotheosis was made glorious in light. It was by the especial order of the king that every honor

should be paid to the dead. The princely grandees, the proud nobility, the Grand Council, were convoked. And of this solemn ceremony, Ruy Gomez, the worst enemy of the dead, was appointed president. The jailer was to be the chief mourner at the grave.

A general mourning for all classes was ordered. In this, and in this alone, did the nation sympathize; for with all his faults, in spite of his many deficiencies, the prince was dear to the people. His reckless extravagances were preferred to the cold cynicism of his father. His youth, his well-known crushed affections, the grandeur of his descent and inheritance, his terrible, lonely, mysterious fate, all touched the nation's heart. The sorrow that possessed all classes was in harmony with the trappings and the signs of woe which were universally worn. The king retired to the Escorial during the funeral, which was conducted with the grandest ceremonial. The old Monastery of Saint Dominique had never witnessed such a princely array; all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of worldly glory were called forth to do honor to the remains of this short and shattered life. Nor was it only at Madrid that these manifestations of affection and regret were witnessed. In every capital funeral masses of the highest solemnity were ordered. In the Netherlands the Duc d'Alva, as governor-general, attended the memorial service of the king's "très cher et très aimé fils." With what kind of emotions could he have heard the solemn requiem echoing through the lofty aisles of the venerable, majestic cathedral? In Rome, the pope, Pio V., assisted at high mass, surrounded by the whole college of cardinals. No victor of the greatest battles against foreign foes, no conqueror in the field of human intelligence, ever received so universal a tribute to his merit as the unfortunate Don Carlos, when every church re-echoed with lamentations at his untimely fate.

Her Majesty the queen, says Maritana, was present at the ceremony in the Monastery of Saint Dominique. This sentence contains a life romance,—the queen, by Philip's command, weeping over the tomb of her at one time affianced husband, and whose heart, she too well knew, beat only for her. It would seem that the queen never was seen to greater advantage. Painters generally prefer mourning to any other costume, for there are few whom it does not more become than bright and gaudy colors; to the

queen it was pre-eminently suited. "Il faisait bon la voir en ce royal costume," says the courtly chronicler. She was very young, but her life since her residence in Spain had greatly matured her nature; and she, in this atmosphere of mystery, had learned to conceal her feelings. So in this last trial she was calm and self-possessed. And well it was she had acquired this art; for Philip's jealousies, having no foundation in fact, were by no means set at rest by the death of his rival son. So prevalent was the feeling that the king's worst suspicions were aroused, that Antonio Perez* does not hesitate to charge the king with the murder of the queen. And while he was an exile he proclaimed the evil deed alike in France and England. He, the once friend and intimate councillor of Philip, after his banishment made this formidable denunciation against his sovereign. While always maintaining the honor of the queen, he asserts that the Duchesse d'Alva, her Majesty's *gouvernante*, by the king's orders proffered the queen a poisoned medicine at a crisis of her illness; that the queen, suspecting danger, refused the potion, and that the king in person entered and compelled her to drink it, when she died within a few hours.*

This is very circumstantial, but there is no corroborative evidence. On the contrary, the most impartial authorities, De Thou, Ferrara, and others, while they admit that there are grounds for suspicion, are persuaded that the queen sank from weakness,—it may be, accelerated by anxiety and mental distress. Florente, no friend to the king, says "que sa mort est due à la nature, nullement au poison." But the greatest authority is the French ambassador, who never left her Majesty, and was acquainted with all the rumors and jealousies of the court. In his account of her death written to the queen-mother, Philip's kindness to her in her last moments is mentioned.

The King [so writes the ambassador] scarcely ever left the Queen, while her Majesty always addressed the King in most touching terms; and when she bade him farewell, it was with such tenderness as to melt the heart of so good a husband as the King was. And I am told that he retired in an agony of grief. The Queen then confessed, and received the last sacraments. Her Majesty then sent for

* Antonio Perez's life is a theme for another Spanish romance. Stirling describes him "as the dark, handsome, bright-eyed man, wearing a small black cap and white plume, with the cross of Santiago on his breast—the gay, ambitious, irresistible, unfortunate Antonio Perez."

me, and said, "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, I am about to leave this miserable world for a happier kingdom. May the Queen my mother, and the King my brother, bear my loss with fortitude, and be as contented as I am in going to my Creator, where I shall pray God for all those dear to me."

He adds :—

On my expressing the hope that she might still be spared, "No! no!" she replied—she seemed to desire repose—and so passed peacefully away. And then we all retired, leaving every one in the palace in tears. In the city there is not one, old or young, who is not overwhelmed with grief, all saying, "Such a good and kind Queen was never before seen."

And then he terminates abruptly: "The king has left for the Monastery of Saint Hieronime."

So perished, at twenty-three years of age—born in 1545, married in 1559, died 1568—one whose name will ever be dear to Spanish hearts; and whose portrait in the Madrid gallery, which contains pictures of all the noble and beautiful, is pre-eminent in its nobility and beauty. The light on the countenance comes from within, and the peace, the piety, the grace of her heart, were expressed in her face. "Among women," says Montaigne, "the most virtuous will always possess the greatest charm;" and this was the charm of Elizabeth of Valois.

She lived in an age when women occupied a large space, not alone in the hearts of men, but in the annals of kingdoms. The age of the Renaissance in art and science witnessed at the same time the Renaissance of female influence, and by many was that influence nobly exercised. The names of Claude of France, of Louise of Savoie, of Margaret, married to James of Scotland, of Marguerite, the wife of Emmanuel Philibert, of our own Mary Stuart, will ever be enshrined in the hearts of those who love the history of their respective countries. Then come the three sisters, the Duchesse de Lorraine, the gentle Queen of Navarre, and Elizabeth of Valois, all pre-eminent in charm. Of the last it has been nobly said: "She was greater than any by the grandeur of her destiny, most unfortunate of all by her premature death, most interesting by the drama of her short life and the deep mystery which is associated with her name." Of all queens of Spain, none has left behind her nobler traditions of love, of charity, and of the beauty of holiness, than Elizabeth of Valois, Isabella della Pace.

LAMINGTON.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE LAST OF THE SOUTHEYS.

MEMORIES OF GRETA HALL.

"MOUNT HOREB with the glory upon its summit might have been more glorious but not more beautiful than old Skiddaw in his winter pelisse." So wrote Robert Southey. It is as beautiful to-day; but we cannot enter into its beauty, for we are standing at Greta Hall with tears in our eyes; the last of the laureate's children has passed away.

We turn from Skiddaw, glowing into rosiest sunset, to gaze upon the dark purple ranges towards the west.

The Greta runs with audible weeping towards the bridge. The great giant's camp, as Coleridge called it, of tent-like mountains, Grisedale, Swinside, Barrow, Causey, and Catbels, is hushed and darkened, as if some of our sorrow possessed it also.

Sadly the returning rooks clang among the trees, then pass on to rest in the great wood beyond, as if they too felt that a change had fallen upon the place.

A change *has* fallen upon the place; the last link that bound full forty years of Greta Hall memories with the present has snapped. We, who would talk with his son about the father who, with singular purpose and the noblest self-sacrifice joined with deepest affection for his family, labored on in the weary mill of letters at this sweet Hall of the Muses, whose days among the dead were passed for forty years in yonder library, who suffered family bereavement more than mortal flesh, unaided by a quiet spirit, could have endured, and passed to his rest as long ago as the 21st of March, 1843, henceforth are unable to hold such converse.

Henceforward we must seek for reminiscences hereabout of Robert Southey not from his children, but from the country folk amongst whom he sojourned. It is true that there still lives one venerable lady in the vale who remembers how she and the Greta Hall children twined a laurel wreath to set upon his brows when the laureate returned from London in November, 1813, "sworn to reveal all treason against the king, to discharge the duties of his poet-laureateship, and to obey the lord chamberlain."

No one else hereabout survives who entered into the sweet simplicities of Greta Hall, where household manners must needs have breathed wholesome laws, seeing that educated women with their own hands performed much house-

hold work in love for one another and in devotion for the master and children of the house, and seeing too that, from the naming of the cats to the ordering of the little line of children's clogs in the "mangling-room" "curiously to symbolize the various stages of life," there was a halo of romance thrown over all.

But Greta Hall has changed little or nothing. Still, as one enters the front door, one realizes how completely the house was adapted by its very building to be the home of a double family.

The wing on the left of the front hall passage was the first half of the house that was erected. There dwelt its architect, old Jackson, the well-known carrier between Whitehaven and Lancaster, employer of "mild Benjamin," "whose much infirmity," seeing he was but "a frail child of thirsty clay," once got the better of him at the Cherry Tree, and though it won immortality for himself and his stately charge —

That through the mountains used to go
In pomp of mist or pomp of snow
Majestically, huge and slow —

lost him his place and robbed the countryside of both wagoner and wain.

In that left-hand wing of the master wagoner's house the Coleridges were domiciled when their cousins the Southseys came in 1803 to Keswick. One never enters the left-hand room, "Paul," as it was called, to distinguish it from "Peter," opposite, without thoughts of little Derwent Coleridge giving his father that wonderful lesson in "Derwentogony" —

Father. Who made you, Derwent?

D. James Lawson, the carpenter, father.

Father. And what did he make you of?

D. The stuff he makes wood of; he sawed me off, and I did not like it —

or else listening in fancy to the prattle of that "blessed vision, happy child," that was "so exquisitely wild," whose name still lingers in connection with this room — Hartley Coleridge.

Here Hartley would invent his new line of kings that were to be, here create the wondrous animals whose skeletons grew outside their skins, and become afraid of his own creations.

Above his head would little Hartley hear his father's footsteps pacing to and fro; sometimes too, perhaps, young Derwent playing tricks with old Mr. Jackson's organ, stowed away in Coleridge's study.

But we are thinking of Robert Southey and his children, and we must leave this left-hand or northern wing of Greta Hall

and pass across the passage to the later-built half of the house, and we shall find ghosts in every corner.

Across the passage we enter the room opposite Hartley's, that was known of old as "Peter," comfortably but plainly furnished. We seem to see upon its walls many pictures — two oil landscapes by a friend and several water-colors; in one recess "a frightful portrait," as Sara Coleridge called it, of Mrs. Coleridge, by a young lady. It is breakfast-time, eight of the clock. Southey has already had two hours' work down at Davies's lodgings over Dr. Bell's "Letters and Remains;" he has been lingering out on the terrace to see the morning light on Grisedale Pike from what he used to call the finest vantage ground for a home view in Cumberland. He stoops his bushy head to enter the door; little Sara Coleridge runs to his arms, arms that have never forgotten his own little grey-eyed, good-humored Margaret, whose place the baby niece had seemed to fill when first the poet and his heart-broken wife came to Keswick.

"Uncle," cries Sara, "it's Edith's birthday to-day; we are going to make a May queen of her. I couldn't sleep all night, the river sounded so loud and the forge hammer began so early." And as she of the dark and glittering eye speaks "with voluble discourse and eager mien," into the room runs quaint Moses, or Job, as they called Hartley, head all awry, top-heavy with thinking, and crammed full of his prophecies about King Thomas III. and the unearthly creatures of his imagination — the Rabzeze Kallaton and others. With Job enters his younger, merry-eyed, robustly framed brother Derwent, "Stumpy Canary," in his yellow frock; radiant, affectionate Isabel runs in with Bluff King Hal, as Bertha was nicknamed, — Bertha the tender-hearted, "my dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove." Garrulous Kate, "as round as a mushroom button," comes in next, and with her that "Edithling" once "so very ugly, with no more beauty than a young dodo," now grown to be a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked child, with quite enough of the queen of the house about her in her graceful movements to anticipate that burst of Wordsworth's praise: —

O lady, worthy of earth's proudest throne,
Nor less by excellence of nature fit
Beside an unambitious hearth to sit
Domestic queen.

With Edith comes into the room her younger and only brother Herbert, that

light of his father's eyes, Southey's "only and his studious boy," now seven years old, very active and bright in manner, but pale of face with a pallor that gives a depth to the darkness of his Tartar eyes, and delicate in all his bearing; up he runs at once, and leaps into his father's arms. It was of Edith May that Southey had written, —

A child more welcome by indulgent Heaven
Never to parents' tears and prayers was given;

but as one watches the poet's look when Herbert, leaping down again, runs round to give his sister another birthday kiss, one feels that it had been more truly written of this his "only boy."

Then Wilsy, dear old Mrs. Wilson, aboriginal inhabitant of the house, now seventy years old —

The aged friend, serene with quiet smile,
Who in their pleasure finds her own delight —

enters, and with her Madame Bianchi and her niece Pulcheria, Wilsy's favorite tabbies. She has come to say that Mrs. Southey will be down directly. Would Aunt Lovell come from her sitting-room next door and make tea, and would Mrs. Coleridge mind stepping up-stairs for a moment? There is a whisper at the door about a birthday present; Edith May's cheeks burn. There was something of the father in the child; men remember still how Southey's face used to flush up like a young girl's with emotion when he was quite an old man.

Now breakfast begins. How sweet a thing it is to watch the tender ways in which Southey almost coaxes his wife to take the morning meal — now pours out a cup of tea for her, now prepares toast daintily for her acceptance — all with such pretty, cooing ways as lovers use, for lovers they are now, as on that half-sad, half-joyous day that made them man and wife in mid-November, 1795.

Then up the stairs the whole party go to the great library with its noble outlooks. The large window, looking south down upon the green with its wide flower-border and over the whitewashed houses with their quaint, low chimneys to Walla Crag and the town, gives glimpses of Derwent-water above the houses. Beautiful Walla Crag as seen through this window, to-day at least, will be robbed of that familiar form for foreground, the back view of a gentleman seated at a library table as seen in the frontispiece to "The Doctor." To-day is Edith's birthday, and to-day on

the green below with much pomp will the May-pole be set up, and tea-drinking and flowers and frolic will demand the poet's presence. To-day no hand will touch the heaps of vellum-covered tomes on their sides upon the floor, no mouth will blow the dust from a single one of the four thousand volumes of the library that lines the walls. Of course little Job cries out to be shown "his pictures," because it is a "birfday;" but Dapper, the dog, runs barking up the stairs, and Duppa's sketches of Raffaele and Michael Angelo are forgotten at the voice of honest Joseph Glover, the factotum at Greta Hall, who has come to say that the boat will be ready at eleven o'clock for the young ladies to gather "daffys" at Lord's Isle.

There is a rush to the mangling-room below stairs; such a tumbling together of lanthorns and clogs and pattens; Mrs. Coleridge in a terrible fidget; Mrs. Southey calm; Robert Southey asking for his clogs, his blue peaked cap, and his coat with the lapped cape and the poem in its pocket; and away from Greta Hall the happy family go, leaving Aunt Lovell to superintend the pastry and the cakes for the May-day tea. Back they come laden with springtide spoil, Wilsy and Glover and Betty Thompson, the faithful nurse, like Jacks in the green.

Then dinner at two; afterwards a romp in the apple-room, where the ghost was. A ring at the front-door bell announces the arrival of merry, grey-eyed little Mary Calvert, who has come from Windy Brow to join in the birthday happiness and May-day festival.

"Father's written a special poem for Edith — something about a tale of Paraguay!" shrieked the Southey children. "We had no Spanish lesson this morning — and got such a lot of daffodils!"

Mary Calvert has brought bluebells, and a gift from her mother and a pot of cream; and, after a good kiss all round, the party set to work to wreath the May-pole Glover has prepared, and weave the crown for Edith May.

Then all run up into the buff-curtained library, and very touchingly the poet speaks to the children of this birthday festival. He tells them that he should like them to remember to-day that they have another little sister Edith — Margaret Edith, Margery in heaven — and that there is a little grave which he hopes they will not forget to make a posy for in the old Crosthwaite churchyard, there where baby Emma of the dark eyes, five years ago, was buried — "the sweetest

child that ever was born," so Wilsy says, and so says Betty Thompson. Poor Nurse Betty! she chokes audibly. "But now, children, I have got some news for you," continues the father. "We are all to be happy, not sad, for Edith May's sake to-day. Mrs. Senhouse sends her compliments, and will you all go over, in honor of Edith, to the Bay for tea to-morrow? And here is a kind letter wishing Edith happy returns from Mr. Spedding, of Armathwaite; and, if we will go, his pleasure-boat, the Spanish Patriot, shall meet us all at 'the lands' below Great Crosthwaite, and we are to have a primrosing with him in the woods. And here is a letter from Senhora, the Bhow Beghum, for Edith's very self, with lots of kisses."

"But the poem, father!" cry the children.

"I want to be thinking about the tale," chimes in little Job, and breathlessly the youngsters wait to hear the introduction to Edith's very own poem, "The Tale of Paraguay" — not understanding truly, but pleased as only children can be pleased when something has been written for their own occasion.

Clear-voiced, high, and tremulous — but not sonorously and deep, as Wordsworth would have read it — Robert Southey reads the dedication of his poem; but his voice shakes at the close, when, looking straight into little Edith's face, he reads,

And I have seen thine eyes suffused with grief
When I have said that with autumnal grey
The touch of eld hath marked thy father's
head,

That even the longest day of life is brief,
And mine is falling fast into the yellow leaf.

For, young as the May queen is to-day, Southey has taken Edith, as afterwards he took Herbert, to his heart; has made the "Edithling" his companion and his fellow-student, and spoken often of matters that pertain to serious age and the things that shall be beyond.

The children clap their hands. Hartley puts his head on one side and begins asking the questions of a philosopher. Isabel, swift of tongue and temper, rebukes him. Kate sidles up and puts her hand in her father's. Herbert toddles off to Sara of the black eyes, to ask about the new tartan frock in which he is to be dressed for the May-pole dance, and Stumpy Canary votes for the "wreaf" to be put on Edith's head.

Then Mrs. Coleridge bustles Sara off to be dressed. Dear, good, clever Mrs.

Coleridge, she was always dressing Sara, and generally a little fidgety. And soon the clogs are heard pattering down from the nursery, and out into "the front" the family go, Edith May, radiant with the daffodil crown, to dance about the glorious May-pole. I think if we had seen the poet that afternoon of the May queen's festival we should have said that he had accurately described himself when, writing to his friend Grosvenor Bedford, he said he did not think "a happier, merrier-hearted man" existed. And yet that little "Tale of Paraguay," of which the poet had written the preface for Edith's tenth birthday, had — so Southey tells us — as its object to plant the grave with flowers and wreath a chaplet for the angel of death; and here, on the birthday of his darling May queen, he thinks the poem well in place; he feels the grey hairs are thickening upon him, and thinks of the infant children he has lost. Perhaps, in midst of all the fun and frolic that the villagers, at the Greta Hall gate, saw going on up at the Hall — there were no solid doors there then, but a simple barred gate between the village street and the garden — the fear of loss for some of that happy flock was upon him.

"O Christ!" wrote Southey to Landor, "what a pang it is to look upon the young shoot and think it will be cut down! and this is the thought that always haunts me."

Two years later the May-pole would probably be undressed. Herbert of the Tartar eyes and swift, precocious mind, the head and flower of Southey's earthly happiness, had died, at the age of ten, on April 17, 1816. But five years later there was the sound of May-day revelry again, and standing at the window above the lawn was dear old Betty with a tender babe in her arms, not yet three months old; and as the bairns go dancing round the May-pole they break hands to wave their kisses to little Charles Cuthbert, their baby brother, who is to be christened the week after next at the old Church of St. Kentigern, in Crosthwaite.

We would not have so digressed but that we believe that Southey's heart and soul were wrapped in that happy May-day party. He was a home man; his felicities were round the hearth of Greta Hall. Punctual as the quarter boys of St. Dunstan in his afternoon walk, his up-rising, and his down-lying for the whole of the forty years he resided at Greta Hall, he seems to have shut the world, in which he lived and moved, within the circle of

that grassy, "tree-clad, house-crowned knoll" above the Greta. The garden door that was closed after him when he went abroad seems to have shut his heart within it at the same time. What pathos lingers at that garden gate! There came a time when people still alive remember how on a Sunday, as the poet walked from church, he sought in vain to find its familiar entrance, and would stand like a man in a dream, waiting for some kind friend to open it and guide him to his garden walk.

Of course there are many relics that speak of the Greta Hall days still with us—here an armchair the poet used in his study, there the remains of the blue china dinner service of Greta Hall; here again, much prized, the slippers he moved so listlessly about in during the last sad days of his library's haunt. Not one of the least remarkable is the exquisitely written transcript of the poem "A Vision of Judgment," with all its beauty of rare penmanship and patient correction, given to his daughter Bertha in the year 1830.

But these dead things can tell us little; it is better to learn of living lips the impression made on the dalesmen by the great scholar, so little known intimately, save to his household, but so widely loved in the Vale of Keswick.

All the memories of the dale that can now speak of the poet laureate tell of him as "one who was not a man as said much to anybody except he kened 'em, and then he wad nivver ga by wi'out passin' t' daay."

"Vara kind, ye kna', and weel thowt on, a particler man to look upon, but not a man as ivver cracked on with anybody a deal," is another character of the poet, given by one who often met him.

"Remember Southey?" (pronounced "Soothey" hereabouts). "Ay, barn, wha could forgit him?" said one of my friends. "Sic a tall, slender man, wi' sic eyes and sic a head of hair—a vara particler man" (meaning, as one ought to explain, a very noticeable man) "was Robert Soothey."

I remember overhearing an American say to the old sexton, Joe, who was showing him the recumbent effigy of the poet in Crosthwaite church, "Can you tell me, sir, if the poet went to his grave with such a suit of hair as he is represented as wearing here?" and old Joe's answer was remarkable.

"Nivver a better heead o' hair here-aboot. It was the most particler thing to see i' the whoal churchfull. And t' alder he grew darker it was gittin'. That likeness is t' best that ivver was; it's his very

saame, you may saay, beuk in hand and aw."

From many witnesses one has heard how that "Mr. Soothey," who was a "reglar church-gaer, ye kna'," used to sit through the service with his eyes close shut, as if in deepest meditation. The pews in those days were square boxes, "aw maks o' sizes and aw maks o' colors an aw." The Southeyian pew, repainted, as he himself chronicles, in 1822, was on the right-hand side of the chancel, and nearest to the body of the church, and Southey was too tall to remain invisible when seated; folks noticed his bushy head, so venerably grey, and the meditative mien with which he entered into the service.

Yet his patience was sorely tried, as he tells us, by the quaint inapplicability of some of the discourses he had to listen to, and he who wrote to Lady Beaumont, "If I were a preacher redeeming love should be my theme," lived in an age when "some of the best divines" appeared to Southey to "err in not representing Christianity as the admirable religion it really is—the dispensation of love."

"Was Mr. Southey often seen?" I once asked.

"Ay, ay, most every daay. He could go out all wedders; and if it was fine he would have a beuk in his hand and be gaan slow, and if it was wet he would step away grandly. The way he would go up Causey or Walla Crag was something serious. There was no pride about Soothey. He moast always wore clogs, and all the bairns wore clogs, and he had a fawn-colored, all-round cwoat and a cap with a neb to it—that was his rig—vara plain, you mind, but vara neat; not a button off nor nowt; but he nivver wore swaller-lapped cwoats, for o they was in vogue—moastly all-round lang fawn ones. And at times, latterly, he had brown cwoat with cape to it, over shoulders; but that was at end o' his time, ye kna'."

"But where did he usually walk?"

"Well," continued my informant, "Soothey was partial to Latrigg; vara fond o' t' Terrace Road along by Applethet to Millbeck. I have heard him saay finest spot in whole daale was t' view above Applethet. Then he was vara proud o' the Howrahs; he would walk backward and forret there for an hour or mair."

I remembered, as the old man spoke, the contemplative picture Southey draws in the passage of his "Colloquies" that begins, "I was walking alone in Howrah."

"But did he generally go alone or with companions?"

"He would oft ga by hissel. He wanted to be studying, ye kna'. And you wad come along happen and say, 'Good-morning, Mr. Soothey,' and he wad nivver raise his head till he had got on past, and then he wad stop and turn round and put up his stick, or raise neb of his cap, as if he was i' dreams and had only just heard ye. But he was a man particler fond of a halliday, and then all the Hall folks must gang along wid him, sarvin' lasses an' aw. I remember time as he christened Muttonpie Bay I was rowing the family, and sic laughing and gaen on as nivver was, and then the pies and things; and after luncheon Mr. Soothey said nivver was better pie made or eaten i' t' whoal world, and they would christen spot 'Muttonpie Bay,' and so it was caed iver efter."

Lovers of our Lakeland worthies, if they land at the spot beyond "the Bay" on the west of Derwentwater, will think of the frolic and the fun of those old Greta Hall days and wish that their simplicity was back again; will see the tall, slender form of the poet, with his eagle look and his keen, dark-brown eyes, a child among his children on that shore, and in the swift movings of his delicate face and expressive mouth catch something of the light that seemed to need just such occasions to make and keep the poet ever young.

Another informant once spoke of the poet's way of going up the Newlands Beck or to Applethwaite Ghyll for a bathe.

"He was just a girt watter dog, was Mr. Soothey, nowt mair nor less," said the old yeoman. "He was terble fond of bathing thereaway, below t' Emerald Bank."

Fond as the poet was of Catghyll, of the stream at Ashness, or of the miniature cascades of the Causey Pike Beck, he never so entirely entered into the glory of the river god as when he was feeling the refreshing coolness of that beck

Whose pure and chrysolite waters
Flow o'er a schistose bed

below the beautiful farmhouse beneath Causey Pike, where his brother Tom Southey, the retired sea captain, came to reside on Lady Day of 1819.

That farmhouse, "a very sweet place," as Southey called it, "in the vale of Newlands," was the goal of many of Southey's walks, and, as he once wrote to his friend Bedford, doubled the quantum of his daily exercise.

"He was a very good walker, was Mr.

Soothey, ye kna' — tall and leish, but had nowt to carry, and cud git ower t' grund weel if he hedn't a beuk in his hand," the same old friend once said; and as he spoke I remembered the way he loved to go round by the Brundholme Woods and across the Greta, and so by the Druid circles home; how he often clomb Saddleback and Skiddaw, visited Eagle Crag in Borrodale and Honister; how he cared much to visit the quaint little churchyard among the mountains of St. John's Vale, and so again stroll homewards by the haunt of the Druids, or onwards to Dalehead Hall for the poet meetings by Leathes water. I remembered how he described himself as walking hard all day with a single rest upon a stone, and a single apple for his food, and how Sir Henry Taylor, in his notes to "Philip van Artevelde," speaking of him as a man of sixty summers, could still say, —

With him the strong hilarity of youth
Abides, despite grey hairs, a constant guest.

This hilarity was, doubtless, part of the poet's native stock of quiet humor, but it was also the direct consequence of active health, the result of active habits and simplest life. It is not generally known how, latterly, Crosthwaite churchyard was the poet's favorite haunt. He would go by Howrah, and so by Church Lonning, and Doctor Dub, to the churchyard.

One of the older inhabitants of Crosthwaite parish tells me of the way in which, however absorbed the old poet might seem, he would never forget to pat a child on its head as he passed it. His love for children was wonderful. A child's grave was enough to keep him in Cumberland till his bones were laid beside it; for the children's sake he toiled unceasingly, and with them he sorrowed and rejoiced. Southey could not hear the patter of the little clogs along the road without hearing the patter of his own bairns upon the way and giving children wayfarers his benediction.

But the bairns of Greta Hall grew up. The girls got beyond the age of the long fillibag trousers trimmed with frills at the ankles, still remembered. They passed the time of dear Mrs. Coleridge's fuss about Sara's frock and gentle Mrs. Southey's careful dressing of her daughters for the dancing master's annual party at the Queen's Head. They passed the time of Mrs. Senhouse's parties at the Bay and the collegians' long-vacation ball in the town. Edith the swanlike flew away, and tall Miss Bertha, so like her father the

poet in sweetness of face and in temper, married. Master Cuthbert Southey — Og, king of Bashan, as they called him at Greta Hall — waxed great and got beyond Nurse Betty Thompson's hands or the management of Dan Wilson, the clogger. People hereabout who were lads when Cuthbert was a boy tell of the quaint tricks played upon him, because they knew of his short sight. Barrows were sometimes set in his path; and Master Southey was sometimes seen to fall over, then pick himself up and put his spectacles on, and look without a complaint at the unseemly obstruction that had brought his fall. Og, king of Bashan, he was rightly called. But he grew on shock-headed, tall, with eyes of wonderful grey, high forehead, strong nose, stronger chin than his father, and with a lower lip that quaintly hung, as they say, in Cumberland, a little like a motherless foal.

"The leanest, lankiest, longest lad I ever knew," so wrote a friend of more than half a century ago.

So long was he that there are doorways in Keswick still shown where Master Southey always bumped his head; so lean and lanky that, when he was preparing to go to college, his father spoke of him and wrote of him not as Og, nor as Cuthbert, nor as Karl, but as "the North Pole." Cuthbert Southey is well remembered as a boy in Keswick, for Cuthbert, because he filled in a measure Herbert's place, was kept with diligence at home. He regretted this himself; he never learned boys' ways, and grew up with a certain shyness that lasted all his days. And yet "fair seed-time had his soul," and almost the last time I talked with him his eyes glowed, though his voice quavered as his father's voice used to quaver, as he told of the perfect lessons of patient cheerfulness, of unselfish industry, of constant, tender kindness and high-minded simplicity, he learned in those young boyhood days from that noble spirit the genius of Greta Hall.

"Take him all in all, though I have lived nearly as many years as my father I have not seen his like for perfect gentlemanhood. The more I have seen of literary men, the more do I marvel at the pure unselfishness and pre-eminent goodness of my father; and I am more glad each year that I bestowed such care as I could upon his 'Life and Correspondence,' because I feel that it, with the 'Southey's Letters' my brother-in-law edited, reflects faithfully the essence of his character."

In some such words did Cuthbert speak

of the father who begat him — and now Cuthbert cannot speak more. The last of the voices at Greta Hall is silent. The last of the Southseys of Greta Hall days has gone home.

It was a day of storm and gloom as bitter as that wild March morning in 1843 when Wordsworth and his son-in-law Quillinan stood beside the laureate father's grave in Crosthwaite churchyard. There was no sudden shining after rain; no robins sang hard by for us, as then they sang. We, the mourners, were gathered at short notice by an open grave beside the rushing Louthers stream. The pastor of Ashham had suddenly been called away from his flock, and death had led him very gently through the swoon that knows no waking to the land that is very far off.

The bell tolled sadly in the hollow beside the stream; sadly on that dark December day yeomen friends were seen bearing the body of Cuthbert Southey to the church. Tenderly there a hymn was sung, reverently the prayers were said, and we left the poet's son, whose youth had known the sound of the Greta, whose manhood had heard the flow of the Parratt stream, to rest unhearing in a fair spot for any poet's son to sleep in, beside the Louthers, till the river sing no more its requiem and the dead in Christ arise.

The last of the Southseys of Greta Hall has gone home; the book of Greta Hall memories is closed forever. No wonder we grieve as we stand to-night at Greta Hall; no wonder the Greta seems to share our sorrow. But the western light beyond grey Grisedale grows in glory, and ere its wonder fades from out the heavens, lo! high o'er Hindscaith gleams the evening star.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ON THE RIVIERA.

It would be curious to inquire in these days of advancement, with all their increased and ever-increasing ways of pleasure-making, what our fathers did before the Riviera was invented. They went, the well-instructed reader will reply, to German baths, where the Kursaal accomplished as many ruins as cures, and the *tapis vert* was as great and as absorbing a centre of interest in Baden and Homburg as at Monte Carlo. But this is but a partial answer to the question, for German baths exist only in summer and in seasons given up to holiday or the pursuit

of health, which is very different from that wonderful line of coast between Marseilles and Genoa, in which the darker side of the year is turned into sunshine and brightness, and the holiday season is still left intact for the enjoyment which once was confined within its limits. We might answer in another manner, and say that the invention of the Riviera is not a matter of to-day,—that the times have been, and that indeed in the memory of living man, when the Riviera was the dream of bliss of many a romantic spirit; when big *vetture* rumbled leisurely along the Cornice road, conveying persons of cultured minds, who really enjoyed the beauty of the landscape, and lingered over every lovely bay and shining village perched high among the rocks. This, too, is true, yet not all the truth. In these days a bridal pair would wander along the glowing hills, finding a reflection of their happiness in the quiet, genial sun, that turned winter into an enchanted and perennial spring; or, what was still more interesting if less radiant, a little party of anxious (and lovely) attendants would convey some gentle invalid to all the advantages of the soft and balmy south. But the privilege was extended to but few, and the vulgar could only gaze and sigh in vain.

Nowadays all these things have changed; and instead of the occasional travellers, the little English colonies scattered here and there, the invalids and the *dilettantes* who once had these realms of Paradise all to themselves, the line of coast is dotted all along by a scarcely broken line of hotels and villas, and a tenth part or so of the civilized world pours along this coast, hurrying from railway station to railway station, changing the language and manners of an entire district; changing the language, for though all the world is represented, there can be no doubt that the great stream of the invaders speak English, whether in its native and original form or in that vigorous if less elegant version which comes from the other side of the Atlantic. It is the Anglo-Saxon race which fills up all the hotels, and settles down, with all its natural accessories, in every villa along the sea-margin, demanding its particular national luxuries everywhere. Whether it was the opening of the railway or of the Casino at Monte Carlo which determined this great wave of motion, this flight of the northern swallows, it would be difficult to say. The stream had begun even before the railway; it was flowing while yet the principality of Monaco starved on its

own resources, and was virtuously unaware of the existence of M. Blanc. But all these elements have to be taken into calculation when we consider the actual result; for their can be no doubt that life on the Riviera centres on Monte Carlo as on the axle which keeps everything turning, and the railway is the line of connection that keeps all the outlying portions of the dominion *en rapport* with the heart.

We may leave Marseilles and its immediate neighborhood behind. They belong to a definite country and a practical world. France possesses them, and business, and their own affairs. Liverpool and Woolwich have not less to do with Piccadilly than Marseilles and Toulon with the Riviera, properly so called. That begins, let us say, at St. Raphael, where the quiet people go, where there is nothing much to do or to see; where the sun rises every morning (or at least most mornings), lighting up a dazzling sea, with only a few innocent boats to lend an occasional translucent shadow to the water, and scarcely a pedestrian to contribute a more substantial shadow on the beach. St. Raphael is so far off that the thrill of communication is faint. You can scarcely feel the throb of Monte Carlo in its veins. It is respectable and Ritualistic. There is daily service in the little new church, which gathers a little colony round it who are not as other men are. But as we get on to Cannes we feel the electric touch. From thence the stream flows, coming and going as far as Mentone on the other side. This, in the present sense of the word, is the true Riviera. The road runs along the coast, close to the sea, flanked with gardens of lemons and oranges on one side, and the grey olives all gnarled and twisted, in terraced plantations mounting up the hills on the other. The railway runs parallel here and there, but keeps plunging into tunnel after tunnel, disappearing from view; but along the road sweeps carriage after carriage, up and down the slopes, and round the sharp corners with jangling bells and flying hoofs. They are all on their way to or from the centre of existence; they dash, they gallop, they fly; it is the rule of the road to go always at full speed. In many of them there are pretty creatures with yellow hair—the fashion may have faded a little in other places, but it is still *de rigueur* in Monte Carlo—whose audacious beauty, bold yet pitiful, makes the heart sick; in many others bands of men, three or four together, who are equally suspect, but rouse feelings quite different

from pity. It is difficult, however, to draw the line among them — between the idle and vacant, who go simply to amuse themselves, and the *vauriens* who naturally hang about a place where everything that is illegitimate and *déclassé* elsewhere becomes lawful and commonplace. One of the classes of passers-by to which I most object is the solitary old gentleman, very much wrapped up, who scowls out of his furs and shawls at the sea which has ventured to chill an air which he expects to be made to order for him, to keep cold away and his ailments at arm's length, and preserve his unprecious life as long as possible. There are a great many of these old men about the Riviera, keeping themselves alive, after a sufficiently long life not well spent, one feels sure; at all events, it is a sort of satisfaction to the mind to conclude that it cannot have been well spent when one sees all the luxuries that surround the old fellows, and the frown with which they generally regard the sun which is not warm enough, and the sea which makes too much noise and interferes with their sleep.

It is with a sentiment less bellicose that we survey another class which is very familiar on the Riviera — that of the elderly young man, who has come to estimate at their full value the gifts of careless youth, and who is determined to keep his hold upon them till the last practicable moment. He is the man, perhaps, who most enjoys all that is beautiful and delightful here. He has too much good taste to care for anything that involves the nausea of vice. He is in his own person virtuous and clean, from his linen to his likings — unimpeachable, but not strait-laced. He ignores the relationships which may not be quite in accord with the law, when he is asked to a sumptuous dinner or to join a party on board a beautiful yacht. He is not a censor of morals. He enjoys everything, — the smile of a pretty woman, and even the little *éclat* of knowing her, and the sensation of passing her without any acknowledgment of acquaintance when he is with ladies of another description. The contact with the unlawful thus brings him a peculiar touch of pleasure; but he is not in any way unlawful himself. He takes the good out of everything, and all the world is open to him. The most innocent person, perhaps, regards him with a certain additional interest, in that he knows all sides of the human problem, and has spoken familiarly with those who are mentioned in polite society only with bated

breath. He is free to walk where everything smells of pitch, yet he is not defiled. No unsavory adventures or relationships are his; indeed there is nothing about him that is not wholesome, clean, and, if the word were permitted, respectable. He would not choose, perhaps, to be called respectable, because that is supposed to infer dulness and limitations which he does not find necessary or desirable. Yet so well brushed, so well got up, so *soigné* and careful is his toilet, both of body and soul, that the title, if he would accept it, would be entirely suitable.

This gentleman, if he were in Piccadilly, might be called a man about town, where he would know all the best people, and do everything that the best people do. On the Riviera, while retaining that character, he is a man about the world. He knows not only the best people but the worst, yet, as has been said, he remains undefiled. He may live at Monte Carlo and not even play. Life is enough to interest him without any miserable adjuncts of that kind. The thing that particularly strikes the observer is his care to preserve himself in that perfect condition of enjoyment and comfort to which he has attained. While he is quite aware that a younger man could never get as much (perhaps by dint of wanting so much more) from life as he does, he is also conscious that an older man generally gets much less. He knows that he is on the apex, and that the next step from the apex means more or less downfall. Therefore his health is a matter of the greatest importance to him. It is so, let us allow, to all sensible persons, but to him even more, for it involves more. It involves diminution — a decrease in every way — and he is most reluctant to contemplate diminution and decrease. He wants to remain where he is, enjoying everything, exercising what he still feels to be a voluntary moderation. If the years would but stand still, all would be well; they have nothing more to bring him, but only less, which is a contingency he has no desire to face. Therefore he takes care of himself, body and mind, with a constant, unrelenting, modest attention. He takes care not to tire himself, not to be put out, to undergo no *contretemps* — such as inferior rooms, a bad dinner, or a company that bores him. All these things detract from perfect vitality — and to preserve that perfect, tempered, well-balanced vitality is the main object of his life.

This gentleman is to be found at his highest perfection on the Riviera. He is

well off — generally very well off; he has nothing to do but the pursuits above mentioned. He has no pressure of duties at home, being unmarried and without care save for himself. Generally he is very kind and good-hearted, and pleased to please other people, which gives the finest aroma to such a life. If he were not, indeed, good and amiable, he would not have half so much enjoyment in his existence. This gives the last perfection to it. He would not be what he is if he had not a great deal of goodness in him. And yet, to think that a few years may turn this quintessence of humanity into the old gentleman with a *cache-nez* up to his eyes, who will scowl at the Mediterranean because it is not a *ho-bath*! That is the dreadful possibility that is always before him.

There is no feminine counterbalance to this development of man. The nearest thing to him is the old lady who is perennial in liveliness and eagerness to enjoy everything and see everything, and who is amused impartially by the proper and the improper, — the latter of whom would bear the bell with her if it were not for the infinite drollery of the prim people who are not as other women are, and whose superior virtue puts on airs which delight the clever old critic who has seen everything and everybody, and to whom life is now a spectacle at which she sits, not caring much what passes before her, amused by all the follies, whatever they may be. But women can never attain the impartiality of men. Their toleration is never so genuine, their curiosity not so calm. The middle-aged, unmarried woman vainly tries to emulate that perfection of enlightenment which marks her male contemporary. She cannot reach it. Probably she would be a monster if she did. Ladies, on the whole, don't shine, I think, at Monte Carlo. They are too much on the alert, either to avoid encounters with the equivocal or to brave them. They do not take matters with the same majestic calm.

There are to be seen, however, upon the dusty but lively road which leads by all the inexhaustible curves, bays, and headlands of this wonderful coast, towards that curious little metropolis of folly, passers-by of a very different description. Between the ladies with the yellow hair and the men with the cigars will come along at a pace more moderate an English family, father, mother, and children, generally grown-up daughters, with worth and wealth in every feature. "Que diable allaient-ils faire en cette galère?" What

can they want at Monte Carlo? They go, because, we suppose, they have formed to themselves an idea of something in the shape of gaiety and exhilarating pleasure which is almost beyond a sober man's dreams, — the vortex, the whirl which recluses in the country dream of but never find. They expect to be seized upon by the *tourbillon* of joyous life — to be whirled out of themselves in a maelstrom of dissipation in which their own high principles will keep them individually guiltless, but which will have all the fascination of wickedness. Perhaps they are a little shamefaced about going there at all, and murmur excuses as to having heard that it is the best air in the Riviera, the best music, and beautiful gardens, etc. All which is true enough; but it is something more that they expect. Still more extraordinary are the other carriagefuls of English travellers, all ladies — ladies who have no yellow hair, but scanty wisps of grey, — ladies not fair of feature, and of guise altogether unlike that of seekers of pleasure, most of them in black, most of them a little worn by life, all of them propriety incarnate. As a general rule they do not care how fast they go, except when there is something to see. Their coachman is a man whom they think very civil, who tells them what everything is on the way, and points out the castle that belongs to Mr. Smith, or the great gardens of the Villa Brown. What records of life might come out of those parties! They are all — or almost all — in black; some of them in crape, just emancipated by death from some lifelong bondage of circumstances — some long monotony of living, in which no relaxation or variety was possible. Perhaps it is the father who has died, after holding his more than grown-up daughters in grim captivity for years. They have found out that they required change — fresh air, new scenes; and once more it is with the delusion in their minds that they will see at least, if they do not share, if they only look on, the wildest gaiety at Monte Carlo, — dissipation and amusement beyond their wildest dreams, — that they are making their way, in a state of excitement and enchantment difficult to describe, to that centre. The painted ladies, the equivocal men, are all part of the play. They gaze at their fellow-travellers when they dash past, raising clouds of dust, with a shock of delightful horror. These, then, are the Monte Carlo people, the wicked, the thoughtless, the gay. Shortly they will all be there, and our friends will stand and

look on delighted at the vortex, the whirl, the abyss. Yes, they will be shocked — they expect no less; but it will be something to see it, to watch those abandoned crowds in their diversion, to see how they do it, perhaps to come within reach of some tragic catastrophe such as they are assured happens every day.

Monte Carlo, the centre of all those visions, has indeed the most delightfully holiday aspect when one gets there. The little fortress-town of Monaco, standing out to sea upon its lofty rock, with the loveliest little basin of a bay, gay with boats, a yacht or two, perhaps an errant steamer, quaintly out of place, flanks it on one side. The road mounts steeply from the line of houses on the lip of the bay called the Condamine, to the platform above, on which the two pepper-casters of the Casino, looking not unlike a modern *rococo* cathedral, stand out in the sun. Behind are the grey mountains, sprinkled along all their lower slopes with olives; in front the broad sea, in wonderful tints of blue, clear as the sky towards the margin, deep as the wine-colored ocean of the classics towards the horizon. Along the coast sparkles Bordighera on the headland, and the white-terraced fortifications of Ventimiglia, the frontier town, with here and there a cluster of towers and roofs upon the hills behind, Roccabruna slipping downward, the immemorial tower of Turbia standing up blanched and everlasting in a fold of the lofty slopes. The gardens are full of palms of every description, great and small, and rare plants which are all put to bed at night, and carefully tucked under coverlets of matting. And, as everywhere else on the Riviera, flowers abound; no need to deny yourself a button-hole or a bouquet. The sunshine streams down upon everything, and January is like June. Nothing can exceed the brightness, the sweetness, the radiance of the air outside. It is happiness of a morning to breathe in that radiant purity of boundless atmosphere, where you can have as much air as you will, enough to fill the mighty lungs of giants, uninterrupted, enclosed in a whole wide hemisphere of far-stretching sky.

But there is but one point to which everybody is bound — the Rooms. Air, sky, outdoor radiance and beauty, are nothing to those more potent fascinations. The inexperienced visitor, whose head is full of the vortex, etc., is brought up, suddenly pulled back to himself and such respectability as he may possess, by the almost religious ceremonial which has to

be gone through before he can be admitted. If it is dissipation, it is at least protected by all the punctilio of French formality and red tape. He has to state his name, his age, what profession he follows when he is at home. ("Que faites vous là-bas?" — question put to a young man entering in the respectable companionship of a group of middle-aged ladies.) Should any member of the party happen to look exceptionally young, there is an immediate inquisition into his (or her) age, minors being prohibited at Monte Carlo. The direction watches paternally, also, over any one who may be supposed to be a dependant, dragged thither against his (or her) will by wicked employers. No native of Monaco is allowed on any consideration to enter, and there is even a tempered prohibition addressed to the inhabitants of the province of Alpes Maritimes. Could virtuous precaution go further? Nevertheless, by fatality a number of equivocal people get admission, — greatly to the distress, as is natural, of the company of capitalists which was once M. Blanc.

And now, here we are on the edge of the vortex, having gained admission, in a great hall crowded with people walking to and fro, the men all smoking, the women in every kind of exaggerated toilet, tempered and subdued by the English ladies in tweed and in black. The air is rather stifling; and, strange to think of, coming in out of the radiant sunshine, there is here nothing but artificial light. Opening from one corner of the hall is a great concert-room, where, if it is afternoon, and Thursday, a crowd is pressing, and where you may hear the best music played by probably the most perfect orchestra in the world. At another corner is an equally great reading-room, where all the journals of Europe, and most of those of America, are to be found. But the stream is tending towards the other end, where you enter by guarded doors in a religious quiet into the heart of the place. Here all is evening, no tone of daylight, — everything excluded that could recall the facts of nature; clusters of lights burning, crowds of people stealing about with softened steps, talking with bated breath. The idea of certain mysteries of worship, heretofore unheard of, disturbs the simple minds who are on the watch for that whirl of gaiety. Is this a devout preliminary to the after-delights, a sort of invocation to the gods of pleasure? There are a succession of tables, each surrounded by an earnest crowd. Round them are seated, first a

line of men and women, with pencils, and pieces of paper, and rolls of money before them; outside of these, another line standing, looking over the heads of the first rank; and outside of them, as many as can get a glimpse of the table, which is all laid out in squares, with numbers inscribed. In the midst is the *roulette*, watched by several persons preternaturally serious — men incapable of a smile, who shovel about the big, white five-franc pieces with which the multitude *fait son jeu*. Everybody is serious; it is only the strangers, the spectators, the new people, who venture on the levity of smiles. A raised voice is an offence in this temple of decorum; a laugh — one does not know what explosion a laugh might produce. All is hushed and quiet; a grave discretion reigns on every face. It requires a keen and practised eye even to derive that simple excitement which a child enjoys when its teetotum begins to slacken and totter towards the decisive number. To the inexperienced there is but a moment of ignorant wonder between the putting down of a coin and the return — of nothing, or the double, whatever it may be. The novice goes on subdued from a short inspection of these rites, deciding that this is only the vestibule, and that it is at the *trente et quarante* tables that the real interest reigns.

At *trente et quarante* there is the same stillness, the same decorum, the same solemn officials, graver than any judges that ever sat upon the bench; the same line of inner worshippers with pins or pencil pricking their paper, following some sombre calculation, or pretending to do so, acting on some system; the same line of votaries over their heads; the same rear ranks stretching hands and stakes over the others' shoulders. *Trente et quarante* is, if possible, less exciting, save for the terrible question of the stake, than the *roulette*. The grave croupier deals out a few rows of cards, rakes in or flings out with remarkable skill a quantity of shining pieces of gold, and all is over — to begin again without a moment's pause. It is all so quick, so silent, so monotonous, that there is no time for interest. Nothing but the instinct of play, the desire of gain, that passion of acquisition which is in humanity, could confer upon the operation the least possibility of excitement. People say, however, assuming a fine faculty of observation, that the interest lies in the faces of the players, where all the vicissitudes of delight and despair are to be read. I doubt whether there are many

critics of humanity so highly endowed as really to derive pleasure from this; and, as a matter of fact, these exhibitions of highly strained feeling are few. The great proportion of people at Monte Carlo who play persistently are but little the better or the worse for their devotions. They gain one day and lose another — probably at the end of all things each individual has paid his tribute just enough to make him an item of profit to the bank, and in the enormous numbers that come and go this will naturally produce a large revenue. But tragical losses, like everything that is tragical, occur but seldom, and perhaps the people who sustain them are able to keep their feelings to themselves. Every visitor to Monte Carlo hears of dreadful accidents that have happened, — of suicides so frequent that they become a commonplace; but nobody sees these dreadful occurrences. I have heard a story of a man who shot himself at the table, and was paid no attention to, infatuated gamblers jostling his body as it drooped over the fatal board in order to lay down their stakes. Nothing could surpass the ghastly sensation of this tale — one seemed to see it, — the *affaissement* of the lifeless victim, the dead head dropped upon the arms, the heartless, horrible players pushing forward their gold across him or drawing back their gains. But does anybody suppose that there would not have been a dozen letters in the *Times* as quick as the post could carry them, narrating every detail of the incident? At no time of the day can there be less than a dozen persons round these tables whose natural instinct it would be to write at once to the *Times* — a dozen! fifty would be more like. There would probably be a dozen clergymen, ready, each and all, to point the moral in the *Guardian* or the *Church Times*, not to speak of the grand medium of British reclamation. For which reason, if for no other, I put very little faith in the suicides.

But all the same, the profits of the company who carry on the Casino at Monte Carlo must be immense. They support, as has been said, one of the most perfect orchestras in the world, and give concerts almost daily which cost the audience nothing. The classical concerts on Thursdays are crowded by listeners from all parts of the Riviera. There is nothing to pay; and nowhere in the world is a more finished programme to be had. Crowds of people, who in no way conduce to the prosperity of Monte Carlo, who never enter the gam-

bling-rooms, take advantage of these entertainments — from Mentone on one side, and Nice or even Cannes on the other, the railway fares there and back being insignificant in comparison with the price anywhere else of tickets for such a performance. On most of the other days there are also concerts performed by the same inimitable band, which are not classical, but perhaps not the less enjoyable from that circumstance. The expense of maintaining this huge number of most skilled performers must be enormous. The reading-rooms, the gardens, even the immense vestiaires, where there are crowds of liveried attendants, prove the extent of the profits of the bank. Nowhere is there so much gratuitous pleasure to be had; and even those people who condemn Monte Carlo the most, take advantage without hesitation of the good things it provides. But these are not wild gaieties or dissipations. A Methodist prayer-meeting is lively and exciting in comparison with the Rooms, at least to those who do not play.

It seems only right to say this for the warning of those who come from all kinds of quiet places for amusement at Monte Carlo. The air of the rooms is stifling, hot, and unwholesome. The artificial light adds to the artificial heat which is kept up through the building, and which the closed-up windows blocked against the daylight can do nothing to mitigate. In the concert-room, crowded with a mass of people, so that there is scarcely standing-room, there is never breathing-room, nor any movement at all in the dead air, so strangely different from the delightful radiancy and breadth of the air outside. When the visitor comes forth dazzled from all that gaslight, and opens his chest to the sweetness of the atmosphere, what a contrast! The bay sparkles in all its tints and shades of varying blue. Monaco on its rock rises seaward, in picturesque perfection, crowned with trees and palaces. The boats rock, as it seems, upon the sunshine, which is reflected under them, and shines above, penetrating all the wide vault of heavenly atmosphere between sky and sea. Up among the hills the flowers grow unregarded, the soft olives flutter in grey and glistening foliage over the green terraces, and here and there upon the spur of a hill rises a small mediæval town, little changed since it was founded, with houses faintly yellow or pink in the intense light, its little campanile, its tower, ruined or otherwise. But for the most part the denizens below ignore

these delights. The hotels are full of men who meet each other everywhere — in London, in English country houses, in all the monotonous resorts of fashion. The ladies, I think, are a little out of it; they are hustled on every side by equivocal personages — sometimes the most correct will find that she has been hobbnobbing, without knowing it, with something not to be named to ears polite. The family parties, who live in their hotel as in a wing of their paternal mansion, with their own servants, their own "ways," all English and individual, have perhaps the best of it. It does not much matter where they go, seeing they carry their little *Britannic milieu* with them everywhere; but in another sense also it does not much matter where they go, for everywhere is very much the same.

The people, however, who cannot engage the first floor of an expensive hotel, nor have couriers and maids to shut them out from contact with the lower world — the people who have to take their dinner at *tables d'hôte*, and in such apartments as are to be had, especially the ladies, and the innocent new-married people in all the bloom of youthful virtue — had better seek a nest in other places along the coast, from which they can make the flight of a day to see the more piquant company in these haunts of wickedness. Almost every bay has its settlement — its little villas nestling among the olives on the edge of the sea; its little ports, with each its detachment of lazy boats. Here is one small town, for instance, which is perfect, though its perfection is all the greater for an absolute absence of hotels or accommodation for the tourist, — the little French-Italian townlet of Villefranche. It was Villafranca in the old days, before this coast became French, and it is little less Italian now than then. The bay is famed over all the world, — a natural harbor, sheltered from every wind between two far-stretching arms of land; the water so deep that great ships can anchor at a stone's throw from the olives. The other day the bay was full of leviathans — great lions of the sea, the ironclads of the French Mediterranean squadron, dark, ominous, and ugly, with a white *torpilleur* or two in attendance; a Russian ship of war, not so ugly nor so scientific; an American ship of war, old-fashioned, and almost graceful; and a humble barque of English origin, old, harmonious, and charming in every line, with no pretensions at all. The English ship was full of ruddy boys, English from stem to stern, but not too trim or tidy — the

lads, perhaps, being scarcely trained as yet to the perfection of sea order — and the whole a charity, instituted and supported by one man, a member of the great banking firm of Hoare, who has taken a hundred and fifty boys from the London streets to train them into good seamen for their country's service; a noble work — much luck to him who thought of it! The American is on another mission, that favorite one of impressing the world with a sense of American gentlemanliness and courtesy and general superiority to all comers, which is at present so constant an enterprise with the great republic, and, it must be said, a very successful one.

The little town rising upon the slope of the shore towards the olive woods above is as picturesque a mass of building as could be conceived. What seems its principal street (but is not, for there is a certain Rue Droite running parallel to the sea half-way up which holds that place) is a long, steep stairway, with projecting angles of picturesque houses at every step, and the tower of the old church at the apex — a line of street to enchant any artist. There is also a Rue Obscure running under the deep arches on which the upper town is built — a sombre colonnade, in which are the doors of the houses which front to the sea, and which afford, whenever one stands open, a dazzling glimpse of sunshine and brilliant blue water to the passer-by as he gropes his way along. The indescribable color of this small town — a grey-white lighted up by tones of rose, faint washes of yellow, gleams of red tiles, and upon the church tower a shining pointed roof of green and bronze — is delightful to see. Behind the enchanting promontory which forms one of the protecting arms of the harbor lie half-a-dozen little bays, each with its cluster of houses, its fringes of villas among the trees, and the village of Saint Hospice, on a further fantastic little promontory, cutting the blue into successive baylets and nooks of verdure, each with its circle of rocks and sea-foam. St. Jean-Beaulieu — why should we call attention to their pleasant names? There are enough and to spare of visitors already; making everything — save flowers and lemons — dear and scarce. Here almost every house has its grove of lemon and orange. The hedges are roses; and the violets — those light-blue, double, fragrant Parma violets which scent the air — lie in acres of blueness, wherever it is thought worth while to cultivate them. It is worth while, for every post carries boxes of flowers northward, and the En-

glish girls spend all their pocket-money in this sweet way for the pleasure of their friends at home.

These seeming gentle coasts, however, are grim with means of defence, and show dark, open mouths, ready to burst forth into fire and flame whenever one approaches near enough to the heights to see them. The other night our village was bombarded and taken by the fleet, to the great entertainment of the instructed but terror of the ignorant. In the dead of night great guns began to thunder over our heads, the forts replying to the broadsides from the sea. In the darkness and stillness these tremendous discharges were amazingly effective, conveying an impression of real war which curdled the blood. If it had been an Italian fleet! we said to ourselves, not altogether assured that the suggestion might not turn out to be true. Then came rolling volleys of musketry, with flashes in the darkness all along the curve of the bay; and there appeared faintly in the first pallor of the dawn a ship — a small one, but bitter — engaging the defenders along the coast with continual flash and echo of its guns. The Tête de Chien thundered from the east, from which it commanded the bay; but the wicked little gunboat had got too close inshore to suffer, and effected a landing as we heard afterwards, to the confusion of all precautions. Just as the sun began to rise there glided into sight — huge, black, and terrible — an ironclad, the parent doubtless of the gunboat, arrived upon the scene to see that all the forts were silenced and the landing secure. Our fort upon the nearest point blazed with ineffectual gallantry, but in vain. To a lively imagination, however, all these sights and sounds were wonderfully suggestive. They were only pantomime, manœuvres — a sort of object-lesson to the soldiers and sailors; a lesson, too, to peaceful folk. Supposing it to have been true! Suppose that into the very room from which we looked out, half frightened, half delighted, on this sport of war got up for our behalf, a stray shell might have plunged in! Suppose those big guns were really carrying slaughter, and our safety and our property depended upon whether the troops on the beach could repel the attack! The sensation was too startling to be quite agreeable; and the sight of that puissant monster, all black and noiseless, stealing out against the earliest rose of dawn, gave the lookers-on a thrill. If there ever should be a struggle along those mild Mediterranean coasts

between the two nations who are nearest of kin, — whose discord would be as the discord of brothers! Suppose, more dreadful still, it had been our own cliffs from which those guns were roaring, and along our own sea-margin that the line of soldiers, only a sort of picturesque accessory here, had crowded to resist the invader! Let down the curtain — the mock struggle is over; go back to bed, and don't think of such horrors. Let us hope they will never come, and that there will be peace in our time. It is a fine sight, but the suggestion is not agreeable. It all ended, I hear, in some strengthening of the batteries on the Tête de Chien. Is it understood in such mock attacks that the assailant is always to win, in order to keep the defenders on their guard? Certainly it was always the attacking party which had the best of it in the manœuvres at home.

It is to a more peaceful invasion that the Riviera in the mean time, and for many years past, has succumbed. One asks one's self, while wandering about these coasts, whether by some strange chance the language of the south of France has been swept away? whether this portion of it which once was Italian, in changing one kindred tongue for another has slipped from its moorings altogether, and slid somehow between two stools into English plain and unadorned? There is almost as little French to be heard on the great route between Cannes and Monte Carlo as there might be on the way to Hampton Court or Windsor, or any great English centre of sightseeing. A French party here and there occurs accidentally, as they do on these routes; but the majority speak nothing but English. If you get into a railway carriage, the chances are that all your fellow-travellers will be your country-folk — at least the half of them will be exchanging experiences in your natural tongue. More curious still is the fact that this invasion has brought with it the most remarkable polyglot train of servants. Out of the four servants in a certain villa with which we are familiarly acquainted, one is German, one Italian, one Swiss, and one Alsatian — the last, no doubt, French, but of a French very different from that of the countrymen of Gambetta. In the hotels, of course, the preponderance is German, as everywhere; but even in private houses the native race is rare. In such a house as we have described, the communications of the household are most easily carried on in a language which is not of the coun-

try, sometimes one and sometimes another. It used to be the unfailling excuse for living abroad in former days, that it was so good for education; the children learned French so easily. Alas! there is now no French to learn; the unfortunate children who had to practise the language under the influence of Teutonic pronunciation on one side, and Italian and English on the other, would call for our profoundest sympathy. They might grow up in the belief that *pon chour* was the recognized form of saying good-day, or that it was right to count *oon* as the first of the numerals. These pretences, however, which used to hold good in Normandy and other places where the French language is spoken with the same purity which would distinguish the English in Glasgow or in Yorkshire, are now happily exploded, and people do not bring their children for the benefits of education to Nice or Cannes; but it is strange to find the language of a country so curiously superseded, and its natural society so oddly pushed aside.

The native Frenchman, however, in these regions, if he is compelled to come more or less in contact with the invader, does not grow much in acquaintance with him; and notwithstanding the proverbial French politeness, he does not think it necessary, as the English visitor does, to consider the susceptibilities of the stranger. A rural official of the most hospitable instincts, exceedingly kind, and ready to be serviceable to the English colony, explained to the present writer one day that he had but lately come to know much of the English, but had been much pleased, agreeably surprised, on nearer acquaintance, to find, on the whole, how tolerable they were. There was a good deal against them on the outside, but it wore off on further acquaintance. The Englishman did not show well at first. "Le Français," said our friend, "est séduisant," — and he laid his hand instinctively upon his breast, — but not his neighbor on the other side of the Channel. The speaker was a small, elderly personage, with a little of the Jew in his nose, and something of the Gascon in his talk. "Le Français est séduisant!" He believed it with all his heart.

Less excusable was the other, who, in the excess of his patriotism, declared to us that even the grass in England was not green. "What!" we cried; "the grass! Why, the grass is our specialty. We grant you more sunshine, more flowers; but our grass! why, the very *brouillard* about which you are so eloquent — our

clouds, our rains — secure us that one advantage." "Pardon," replied our friend; "I have been in England, and I have seen it. It is different. There is nothing green as in France." It was here suggested that perhaps this impartial observer had seen the London parks in August, when they were burned brown with the summer's wear and tear. He replied with dignity, "It was indeed August, but it was not London. I was in Norwood, which is in the bosom of the country. I am quite correct in what I say. Ah, par exemple!" he exclaimed, with the impatience of conviction, as the obstinate Englishman continued his defence.

It may be noted that the one defect of the Riviera is, that it is not green. A few of our forest trees would make the landscape perhaps too perfect. The olives which clothe the hills are grey. The grass is scanty and ill-grown. When a millionaire would indulge in the luxury of a lawn, he has to resow it every year; from which the reader accustomed to immemorial turf, which has lived through as many generations as would suffice to confirm the nobility of a family, will understand what grass is in these regions. But our Frenchman was none the less sure. "Sir," said an American afterwards, "there is no grass in the world like English grass, except at Newport; there is beautiful grass at Newport." And we bethought us, to soothe our feelings, of Mr. John Burroughs, the American naturalist, who declares that if we would but refrain from washing for a little while, such is the soft and dewy character of our climate, a greenness would grow all over us, — a turfy deposit upon our hands, a gentle veil of mosses upon our uncovered brows. Such are the differing opinions of other nations.

We should like to tell, did time and space serve, about our village; how M. le Curé is by no means at one with M. le Maire; how the commune squabbles within itself; how the keen peasants put a fabulous price on every scrap of land while all the foreigners are about, but come to their senses in the solitary summer, when the sunshine blazes unnoted, and all the English are gone; how many a *noce*, and parties who are by no means of that kind, come to eat *bouillabaisse* at the Reserve, which they ought not to do, but go farther to the humble but more genuine fare of St. Jean; how everything is fabulously dear since the leading journal of Christendom wrote an article about the little place, which the officials declare to be nothing but a *hameau*, although it

attained the honor of a mention in the *Times*. We wish this latter honor might have been dispensed with, for it has added a good many francs to the price of every metre of land, and even a centime or two to every egg, and made the wood dearer, and the oil. Such are the drawbacks of fame.

From The National Review.

ENGLAND'S CLIMATIC PHENOMENA.

I HAVE been prompted to place on writing some curious facts in connection with our climate, after reading a book entitled "Famous Frosts and Fairs," which has been written by Mr. William Andrews, the author of another charming book, "Modern Yorkshire Poets." Although I have not the pleasure of knowing the author personally, I was attracted to the book from the quaint and curious facts which it records of that subject — the weather — which we all find ourselves talking of, more or less, and which, in another sense, finds out the weak places in the armory of our health and activity. With sun and sunshine within only a few hours of us, and luxurious trains to the south of France, how very few there are, unless it be chanted in the bitterness of despair by the unhappy legislator, amid sombre days of dull weather and dull debates, who would join in the lines of Kingsley: —

Welcome, wild North-Easter,
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr,
Ne'er a verse to thee.

Come; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew,
Blow, thou wind of God!

But with all our grumblings, coughs, and grunts at the weather, there has not been, within the memory of any but old men, the serious frosts which used to occur, and which, accompanied by great dearth of food, resulted so often in terrible famines and plagues.

To turn to the earliest periods of English history, we find the Thames frozen over in A.D. 134 for two months, in 153 for three months, in 250 for nine weeks, in 290 for six weeks, and so on at intervals of various distances of time.

In the "Harleian Miscellany," vol. iii., page 167, it is recorded that "in the tenth year of the reign of William the Con-

quoror, the cold of winter was exceeding memorable, both for sharpness and for continuance; for the earth remained hard from the beginning of November until the midst of April then ensuing." I am unable to discover whether, just as the great heat of the jubilee year was preceded by a cold and very late spring, so this extraordinary winter (which is, perhaps, at the bottom of the expression so often used by old-fashioned people, of seasonable weather) was followed by a very hot summer.

In those days, money and science could not, as they do to-day, make our houses independent of cold; for ten years afterwards, as Walford, in his "Insurance Cyclopædia," tells us, the weather was so inclement that in the unusual efforts made to warm the houses, nearly all the chief cities of the kingdom were destroyed by fire, including a great part of London and St. Paul's. Nor at that period of English history were we independent of our own food supply. London was not then, as it is now, the market of the world, for in 1121-22 a severe frost killed the grain crops and a famine followed.

In 1281-82 a very severe winter was followed by an equally dry summer, for in Stow, edited by Howes, 1631, we find the following statement:—

From Christmas to the Purification of our Lady there was such a frost and snow as no man living could remember the like: when through five arches of London Bridge and all Rochester Bridge were borne downe and carried away by the streame; and the like hapned to many other bridges in England; and not long after, men passed over the Thames between Westminster and Lambeth dryshod.

We must congratulate ourselves in these latter days that when we wake up to find a hard frost and deep snow in the streets, we have not to experience any anxiety as to whether the appetite that is engendered, and is the best sauce for our breakfast, will meet in an hour or so's time the genial muffin and the savory cutlet.

In 1434-35 Stow records that the Thames was frozen from below London Bridge to Gravesend from December the 25th to February the 10th, when the merchandise which came to the Thames mouth was carried to London by land. The river was in those days the only artery by which London could be fed cheaply and abundantly. "Carried to London by land," suggests a grim and painful picture of difficulty, delay, and effort. It was not until quite modern times, to the period immediately preceding the railway era,

that coaches like the Quicksilver and others had brought travelling to anything like perfection, and had necessitated decent and well-kept roads. But in those times of bad roads, bad horses, and bad drivers with bad language, it would be difficult to imagine the felicity of those who had to depend upon the generosity of the retail merchants for their daily sustenance. London tradesmen, without the competition of the stores from within or of the railways from without, would meet with blandlike triumph the helplessness of the economical housewife, and in those far times their forefathers, perhaps, reaped their reward, and felt in the self-complacency of a convenient philosophy that it is an ill wind that blows no one any good. To them, indeed—

Welcome, bleak North-Easter!
O'er the German foam,
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.

In 1234-35, the misery brought upon the poor by a severe frost is described by Penkethman, who makes the following statement relative to the frost of that year:—

In the eighteenth year of the reign of Henry III. there was a great frost at Christmasse, which destroyed the corne in the ground, and the roots and hearbs in the gardens, continuing til Candlemasse without any snow, so that no man could plough the ground; and all the year after was unseasonable weather, so that barrenness of all things ensued, and many poor folks died for the want of victuals, the rich being so bewitched with avarice that they could yield them no reliefe.

Speaking of 1235, Short says: "In England there is famine and plague; twenty thousand persons die in London, and people eat horse-flesh, the bark of trees, and grass."

To skip over a long interval of time, it is recorded how, during the frost of 1739-40, the watermen, "with a peter-boat in mourning," walked through the streets in large bodies imploring relief for their own and families' necessities.

I cannot refrain from quoting here some lines from an old broadside, relative to the frost of 1683, which possesses a sort of irresistible humor in the happy belief it exhibits, that all things are for the best in the very best of worlds:—

Yet was it hard and grievous to the poor,
Who many hungry bellies did endure;
Sad spectacles enough you might behold,
Who felt th' effect of this prodigious cold.

But God, who is most righteous, good, and just,
Will them preserve, who in Him put their trust;
And when their dangers greatest seem to be,
Blest be His name, He then doth set them free.
Then let us all, while we have time and breath,
Be still prepar'd to meet with pale-faced death.

I cannot find that any famine followed this frost. In 1693, Voltaire speaks of an "awful famine" in France.

The seventeenth century may be said to be the frost century. In 1607, 1608, 1609, 1614, 1615, 1620, 1634, 1648-49, 1663, 1664-65, 1672, 1683-84, 1688-89, there were severe and terrible frosts, and on each occasion the Thames was frozen over.

I will touch upon some of these and upon some curious and amusing points that seem to belong to them.

Drake, in his "Eboracum; or, The History and Antiquities of York," makes the following statement about the frost of 1607:—

About Martinmas began an extreme frost. . . . The Ouse was wholly frozen up. . . . Many sports were practised upon the ice, as shooting at eleven score (a sport of the nature of which I must plead ignorance), and a horse race was run from the tower at St. Mary's Gate End along and under the great arch of the bridge to the Crain at Skeldergate postern.

In connection with this frost Mr. Andrews relates an amusing tradition about Bess of Hardwicke. Chatsworth and Hardwicke will immortalize her memory to the lovers of English homes and English architecture. Bess was the name for the great governing women of the time. The Virgin Queen, who, to quote from a rare and contemporaneous history of her time, "died on the eve of the Holy Virgines Annuntiation, a blessed note of her endless blessednesse and society in Heaven with those wise virgins that kept oyle in their lampes to await the Bridegroom," loved power and loved life. And so did her great subject, Bess of Hardwicke, so runs the legend, consulted a fortune-teller. The reply was that she would not suffer death so long as she was suffered to build. King Frost settled the matter, and fulfilled the prophecy, for her death occurred in 1607, when the workmen could not proceed with their work, although they tried, as is found on reference to the parish books of Ecclesfield, South Yorkshire, to mix their mortar with hot ale, with a view of adding to its durability.

In the following year, 1608, we have the first account of a Frost Fair. Commencing on the 8th of December, from the 10th of January till the 15th, "the frost," to quote from Howes's "Continuation of Stow's English Chronicle," "grew so extreme as the ice on the Thames became firme and removed not, and then all sorts of men, women, and children went boldly upon the ice . . . some shot at prickles . . . others bowled and danced, with other variable pastimes; by reason of which concourse of people, were many that set up boothes, as fruit-sellers, victuallers that sold beere and wine, shoemakers' and a barber's tent, in which fires appear to have been kept."

In the following year, 1609, a great frost began in October, and appears to have lasted four months, during which heavy carriages were driven over the Thames.

In 1615 and 1620 there were visitations of terrible frosts. In 1634 the Thames was again frozen over and made the arena of many pastimes and much revelry. Those were the days of the great Puritan movement; they were fast treading on that great struggle for pure morals and plain Parliamentary government which has left its imperishable influence upon English politics.

The "Divine Tragedie" of Prynne, like other works of that period, was written to show how judgments were overtaking the people because of the recent order which enforced the reading in churches of the "Book of Liberty" that legalized sports on Sunday after service. In it we find an account of how fourteen young men, on January 25th, 1634, being the Lord's day, presumed to play football on the river Trent, when, "coming all of a heap in a scuffle, the ice suddenly broke, and eight of them were drowned."

Pepys, in his diary, describes a bitterly cold frost on the 28th August, in 1663.

A very curious shower of freezing rain appears to have fallen in December, 1672, in the west of England. Mr. Andrews describes it in this wise:—

This rain, as soon as it touched anything above ground, as a bough, or the like, immediately settled into ice, and by multiplying and enlarging the icicles broke down with its weight. The rain that fell on the snow immediately froze into ice without sinking into the snow at all. An eyewitness on the spot weighed the sprig of an ash-tree, of just three quarters of a pound, the ice of which weighed sixteen pounds. Some were frightened [he goes on to say] with the noise in the air that was produced by the clatter of icy boughs dashed against each other.

The destruction to the trees was as terrible as when a somewhat similar condition, followed by a wind, occurred three years ago. The damage that was then inflicted upon cedars, thorns, and yews will never be forgotten by the owners of fine gardens and parks in the home counties.

In "Frostiana" there is an interesting account of the effect of these freezing rainstorms upon birds. In February, 1809, a boy in the service of Mr. W. Newman, a miller, at Leybourne, near Malling, went into a field called the forty acres, and saw a number of rooks on the ground very close together. He made a noise to drive them away; they did not appear alarmed. He threw snowballs to make them rise, still they remained. Surprised at this apparent indifference he went in among them and picked up twenty-seven rooks, and besides the rooks ninety larks already dead, a live pheasant, and a buzzard hawk, which, struggling hard for his liberty, got away. This astounding fact was explained by a heavy rain, which froze as it descended, and so completely glazed over the bodies of the birds that they were fettered in a coat of ice and completely deprived of the power of motion.

The great Frost Fair of 1683 to 1684 upon the Thames is familiar to us by various broadsides, and sundry doggerels of the time that breathe with full blast the loose and jovial temper of the Merry Monarch and his times.

Evelyn, in his Diary under date of January the 24th, 1684, describes how the Thames before London was planted with booths in formal streets; how people made the fortunes of printers, who, printing "a line only," got sixpence a name; how coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, "and from several other staircases (to quote his own words) as in the streets, and the sled-sliding with skeets, bull-baiting, horse and coach races, puppet plays and interludes, cooks, tipling, and other lewd places, so that it seemed to be a bacchanalian triumph or carnival on the water."

There is a print of this famous Frost Fair in the possession of the British Museum, among a collection of prints and drawings of the metropolis that was the present of George the Fourth, to which I would venture to refer any of my readers. Oxen were roasted whole, bull-baiting flourished on the frozen Thames—poor sport, indeed, for the dogs:—

And never was poor dogs more bravely tost
Than they were, in this prodigious frost.
There was fox-hunting, on this frozen river,
Which may a memorandum be forever;

For I do think since Adam drew his breath
No fox was hunted on the ice to death.

To the Thames and on the ice the fun and frolics of the whole town betook themselves. The thaw was rapid, if one can rely upon some lines in a broadside, entitled the "Wonders of the Deep," for

In six hours this great and rary show
Of booths and pastimes all away did go.

Another very severe frost occurred in this, the frost century, in 1688–89.

Timbs, in his "Curiosities of London," describes a frost lasting from December 20th to February 6th, when the Thames was covered with streets of shops, and a coach with six horses was driven from Whitehall almost to London Bridge.

During the eighteenth century the Thames was frozen over five times, in 1709, 1715–16, 1739–40, 1788–89, 1795–96.

This brings us to the present century, and to the great frost of the century which commenced on the 28th December, 1813.

This great frost was divided into (1) a tremendous fog with "a darkness that might be felt," which lasted from the evening of December the 27th to the 3rd of January; (2) this was succeeded by a very heavy fall of snow, which continued for forty-eight hours; (3) from January the 31st to February the 6th the Thames was frozen over, and a Frost Fair was held.

The terrible fog which preceded the frost appears to have been general throughout England. The prince regent starting for Hatfield, to stay with Lord Salisbury, had to return to Carlton House. The Maidenhead coach missed the road near Harford Bridge, and was upset. The Birmingham mail took seven hours to go to Uxbridge. In the metropolis the Frost Fair was accompanied by the usual incidents of fun and games. In Kelso the *Champion* of February 6th, 1814, gives an account of an amusing banquet held on the frozen Tweed. The dinner was held in an enormous tent, heated by stoves, and decorated with the flags of England and Holland. Among the toasts the following was drunk with enthusiasm, "General Frost, who so signally fought last winter for the deliverance of Europe, and who now supports the present company both sides of the Tweed, and God preserve us in the middle."

During the subsequent years of this century we have had, notably during the winter of the Crimean war, very severe frosts, but none of any remarkable character.

Old pamphlets describe some very remarkable storms, both on account of their intensity, and on account of the curious natural phenomena with which they were accompanied.

To go back to the seventeenth century. On September the 17th, 1659, hailstones fell at a place called Markfield in the form of stars, swords, daggers, and halberts, and an old pamphlet printed in London in 1680 gives a graphic description of a hail-storm which raged about London on May the 18th of that year, pelting hailstones as large as pullet eggs and accompanied with lightning that consumed a town in Oxfordshire.

In 1677 a contemporaneous tract gives "a strange and wonderful relation of a clap of thunder which furiously burnt down the house of a widow living in the town of Ewloe in the parish of Howerden in Flintshire, notwithstanding the early assistance of the whole town."

In 1674 a terrible snowstorm descended on the 3rd of March, whereby twenty families of poor people were destroyed at Langsdale, a narrow valley between two very high hills in Durham. The snow drifted with a strong wind from the hills on either side, and completely shut in the houses so that the inhabitants could not get out and were starved to death. The same rare tract describes the effect of the same storm on some villagers living in the narrow vales around Bath. They managed to survive, but had been forced to live for three days on nothing but grain.

Zadkiel's almanack has, I believe, many disciples. It may please them to know that the firm of students in astrology of those days, which was represented by William Andrewes, prophesied the storm. In his almanack, entitled "News from the Stars," he says, against March 5th, 6th, and 7th of that year, "Some cold weather may be expected."

During the eighteenth century a tract of the time describes a surprising meteor in 1719, whose light at Exeter exceeded that of the noonday sun—a ball of fire that broke over the sea near Brittany.

The famous storm of November, 1703, that did damage in London to an amount exceeding two millions (larger than the great fire), that wrecked the Eddystone, and caused tiles to rise in price from one guinea to six pounds per thousand, colored the poetical imagery of the time. Moreover, it created the first opportunity to Addison's literary career.

"Distressed by indigency, Addison wrote a poem on the victory at Blenheim.

So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er Pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

With this simile Godolphin was so pleased that he appointed Addison to a commissionership of appeals.

Before I conclude my article I must make some reference to the various superstitions that linger around winds and storms. Those who have read Stewart's "Popular Superstitions of the Highlands" will remember his delightful description of the customs of Candlemas with the Candlemas bull, a passing cloud that Highland imagination perverts into the form of a bull. As it rises or falls, or takes peculiar directions of great significance to the seers, it is said to prognosticate good or bad weather.

Throughout all ages and countries have been expressed the sense and presence of a higher power in the dramatic and terrible fury of great storms. "The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet." In the great pagan world we find constant reference to the sense of awe and terror that was associated with lightning. Its victims were reckoned the accursed of heaven, and buried alone and apart lest the ashes of others should be polluted by their presence. Even a spot of ground struck by lightning (*bidental*) was hedged in and no man allowed to enter it.

Laurel is now regarded as the emblem of victory and triumph, but Suetonius informs us that the emperor Tiberius wore a chaplet of laurel because he believed that lightning would not touch this kind of leaf. In China the mulberry and the peach are regarded as preservatives against lightning. The Romans considered seal-skins as a protection, and as a tradition handed down from ancient times it is curious to note that the shepherds who inhabit the neighborhood of Mount Cevennes in Languedoc, where some Roman colonies existed, cover their hats as a charm against storms with the skins of snakes.

Among the more distant races of the world lightning and thunder were regarded with abject terror. The emperors of Japan retired into a deep grotto, and had a reservoir of water sunk in the centre in the fatuous belief that it could extinguish the lightning. The Tartars, as soon as the first rumble of thunder is heard, expel all

strangers from their tents, and sit glum and immovable, immersed in woollen cloaks. The contrast is somewhat amusing between these potentates in abject terror and an old couple who were forced, in the great storm of 1703, into a cellar by the fall of a chimney. They were, I use the quaint language of an old tract, "digged up about 8 o'clock the next morning; it was well worthy of observation that the first question that the man asked was where were his breeches, in which were 50 shillings in money, and the woman demanded what was become of her trunk in which were some pieces of gold, being not at all terrified, and minding their worldly concerns more than the danger." This quaint and superlatively matter-of-fact view of events that savor of the preternatural is, I believe, rare, for, to conclude my paper in the words of an old broadside, "the common impression of terrible tempests was that they are instruments which God oftener uses in an extraordinary manner than any others, and which in their first designment seem peculiarly levelled at those men and their bold thoughts who would first only droll the world out of conceit of his power, that they may, as they think, the more pleasantly huff him out of his throne."

LYMINGTON.

From Nature.

DR. NANSSEN'S JOURNEY ACROSS GREENLAND.

FROM a communication sent us by Dr. Nansen, we are able to give some details of the remarkable journey across Greenland which he accomplished last summer. We need only briefly recall the most important attempts which had previously been made to cross a country which is exactly in the condition of our own islands during the glacial period. The first serious attempt was made in 1878 by Jensen and Steenstrup, who, from the west coast in lat. $62^{\circ} 30' N.$, managed to get some forty miles into the interior, after many difficulties and dangers, ascending a mountain to a height of five thousand feet, from which they saw the inland ice rising gradually towards the interior. Then came the famous expedition of Baron Nordenskiöld in 1883. He, with a comparatively large party, started much further north than the previous expedition, a short distance south of Disco Island. The party succeeded in penetrating some ninety

miles eastwards, to an altitude of five thousand feet. The Laplanders, however, who accompanied Nordenskiöld went in their snow-shoes one hundred and forty miles further, travelling over a continual snow desert to a height of seven thousand feet. The next serious attempt was made by an American, Mr. R. E. Peary, in the summer of 1886. Mr. Peary started much further to the north than Nordenskiöld, and his course was due east. He reached one hundred miles from the edge of the ice-blink, or inland ice, his highest elevation being 7,525 feet.

Dr. Nansen felt sure that the only way to cross the ice was by means of *skis* (a special kind of long snow-shoe) and sledges. He had many applications to be allowed to accompany him; but he selected only five companions—a lieutenant in the army, a shipmaster, a Norwegian peasant, and two Lapps. The expenses of the expedition were generously supplied by Mr. Augustin Gamel, of Copenhagen. The party left Christiania early in May, 1888, for Iceland, whence they embarked on board a sealer for the east coast of Greenland. Dr. Nansen's own account of his attempts to land is of interest as showing the condition of the ice and the currents off the east-Greenland coast:—

"On June 4 we left Iceland in the *Jason* for Greenland. My hope was that early in June we should be able to reach the coast in the neighborhood of Cap Dan, in latitude about $65^{\circ} 30' N.$; but I was disappointed, as large masses of ice stopped us at a distance of fifty miles from the coast. At last, on July 17, we approached the land at the Termilik Fjord, west of Cap Dan, and I determined to leave the ship. In our two boats we had to force our way about ten miles through the ice. The current was, however, very strong, the ice-floes were thrown and pressed against each other, and during such a pressure of the ice one of our boats was broken. We were then very near to the coast, but the boat could not float, and some hours passed before the leak could be restored. In the mean time, the ice was very much pressed, and we went adrift, the speed with which the current carried us off from the coast being much greater than that with which we could advance on the ice. At the great rate of about twenty-eight miles each twenty-four hours we were driven southwards along the coast. We tried to reach land three times, but by a rapid current we were again carried towards the sea.

"At last, on July 29, we succeeded, and

reached land at Anoritok, $61^{\circ} 30'$ N. lat. Originally, I had thought to land at Inigssalik, in $65^{\circ} 30'$ N. lat. We had consequently come two hundred and forty miles too far southwards. Our destination was Christianshaab, in Disco Bay, to reach which we should be obliged to go in our boats northwards, to cross the continent at a more northerly latitude. To get northwards was not, however, very easy. Masses of polar ice were pressed towards the land, and very often the axe alone could break a way through the tightly pressed ice-floes."

Two parties of heathen Eskimo were met with, who were at first rather distrustful of the strangers, as they had scarcely ever before seen Europeans.

On August 10, (more than a month behind time) the party reached Umiavik, $64^{\circ} 30'$ N., whence the start was to be made across the inland ice. Dr. Nansen and Captain Sverdrup the next day made an excursion to examine the glacier. They got ten miles from the coast, and reached a height of three thousand feet. On August 15, a start was made, there being five sledges to pull, one loaded with four hundred pounds, pulled by Dr. Nansen and Captain Sverdrup. Two days later they were stopped by a heavy gale which kept them in their tents for three days. At first the intense heat compelled them to travel only at night. Dr. Nansen goes on to say:—

"At some distance from the coast the snow became, however, very deep and bad for pulling. We were also met by a heavy gale from the north with snowdrift, so that we could advance only very slowly. I hoped that it would soon become better, but each day it became worse. It was only too clear that if it continued in this way we would not be able to reach Disco Bay by the middle of September, when the last ship left for Europe. Though I expected to find more difficult ice in this direction, I changed our route and turned towards Godthaab. That was on August 27. We had then reached about $64^{\circ} 50'$ N., about forty miles from the coast, and a height of about seven thousand feet. By this change of direction, the wind became so favorable that we could use sails on the sledges, and thus they became less heavy to pull. In this manner we advanced during three days, then the wind went down, and we were obliged to lower our sails.

"In the beginning of September we reached a quite flat and extensive plateau, which resembled a frozen ocean. Its height was between eight thousand and

nine thousand feet, though towards the north it seemed to be considerably higher. Over this plateau or highland we travelled more than two weeks. The cold was considerable. I am not, however, able to give an exact statement of the temperature, as our thermometers did not go low enough. I believe that on some nights it was between -45° and -50° C. (between 80° and 90° F. below freezing-point). In the tent even where we (six men) slept, and where we cooked our tea and chocolate, it was less than -40° C. (72° F. of frost). During one month we found no water. To get drinking-water we were obliged to melt snow either in our cooking apparatus or by our own warmth in iron bottles, which were carried inside our clothes on our bosoms. The sunshine on these white snow-fields was bad for the eyes, but no case of snow-blindness occurred. Only one day, September 8, we were stopped by a snowstorm; the next day, when we wanted to continue our journey, we found the tent was quite buried in the snow.

"On September 19, we got a favorable sailing wind, and then we advanced very rapidly. That day we got the first sight of the mountains of the west coast. In the night we were stopped by dangerous ice with many crevasses, after having very nearly lost several men and sledges in one of them. We met here with very difficult and uneven ice, where we advanced very slowly. At last on September 24, we reached land at a small lake to the south of Kangarsunok, a fjord inside Godthaab. On September 26, we reached the sea at the inner end of the Ameralik fjord, in $64^{\circ} 12'$ N. latitude."

This really finished the journey across Greenland. With considerable difficulty the party reached Godthaab, where, as the last ship was gone, they had to spend the winter, reaching Copenhagen only last week. So far Dr. Nansen has not been able to tell us much more than we knew already about the interior ice of Greenland; though he will probably give us full details in the paper which he is to read at the Royal Geographical Society on June 24.

From Paris Figaro.

VISIT TO THE SULTAN.

HAVING learned how difficult a thing it was to obtain an interview with Abdul-Hamid II., I felt a mighty longing for the

forbidden fruit, and, eventually, I enjoyed it, through the assistance of Mikael-Effendi, the secretary to the minister of foreign affairs. He called for me, at my hotel, in his carriage, and the vehicle took its tortuous way, first through the grand street of Pera, then into break-neck roads around and about immense barracks, until at last it gained the heights of Orta-Keni, and, after quite a long and perilous voyage, we found ourselves before the palace. Yildiz-Kiosk (Palace of the Star), the actual residence of the sultan, is an isolated retreat where the disturbances of the outer world can scarcely penetrate, and whose inward disturbances rarely and inexactly reach the ears of the outer world. The carriage stopped in a narrow garden, where we remained, under strict surveillance of the sentinels, while our names were announced to the chamberlain of the service. To the right, to the left, before and behind us, trotted sentinels, soldiers, servants, workmen (for they are forever adding to the Kiosk, and it threatens to become a small city in itself) in one continual stream, but none entered the doors of the palace and I saw no one go out. After a very few moments we were admitted and passed up a long, steep staircase of oak, with a balustrade of crystal, then through narrow galleries, between thick walls, making a veritable excursion down suites of rooms, all furnished in the European style, and, finally, coming to a halt in a saloon, where we were served by a negro with coffee and cigarettes, while we awaited the good pleasure of the chamberlain. From some room very near us I heard the voice of a man, in dreary, drawling monotone, and Mikael-Effendi informed me that each Friday, in the Kiosk, are sung the praises of departed sultans. But for this monotonous chant, silence reigned in the Palace of the Star. It seemed to me a million servants, or officers of the Kiosk, passed and repassed through the rooms while we waited, but they exchanged no words, only an occasional sign, and their steps were noiseless. A veil of mystery seemed to envelop our surroundings, and I was distinctly conscious of a sense of oppression. In the heavy atmosphere about

me rose visions of grand viziers, dead and gone — powerful, terrible — passing through these thick-walled corridors, their sweeping mantles of gorgeous brocade, their infamous snares. But instead, there came toward us a courteous gentleman of the nineteenth century, accompanied by his chamberlain, both men dressed alike in long black redingotes, with scarce a shade of difference beyond the shirt collar worn by the sultan and dispensed with by his chamberlain. A small man, less than medium height, but well made and with the dark hair and eyes of his race, a pointed Van Dyck beard of raven blackness — this is Abdul-Hamid, sultan of Turkey. The man's gaze is something remarkable, at once soft and keen, and while utterly frank and straightforward, yet expressing both doubt and suspicion of what it may find in another's. Looking into these questioning eyes, I realized that this monarch, even in his own palace, does not feel secure. It may be that he suspects no one, but he is a man who doubts all the world. At the same time, he is really loved by his people, to whom a sultan who can spare many hours from his harem to devote to the affairs of his country is an unceasing source of surprise. Abdul-Hamid has cast off the precedent and example of the monarchs of his race, and works as hard and faithfully as any of his ministers, of whom he demands strict accounts, and who come to no serious decisions without his order. He is very affable, and received us with the utmost cordiality. I could not pass for a Turk, nor he for a Frenchman, and our conversation was not as brisk as I should have liked it to be. We received every possible courtesy, however, and although difficult enough of accomplishment, I found an interview with the sultan to be very nearly as commonplace in reality as the meeting with any other gentleman. Through the interminable suites and narrow corridors again, down the steep staircase, out through the ranks of soldiers and servants, into our carriage and across the Orta-Keni, and this time our faces were turned from the sultan's Palace of the Star.